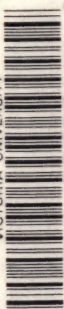


VICTORIA UNIVERSITY



3 1761 02792444 8

Golden Hymn Book



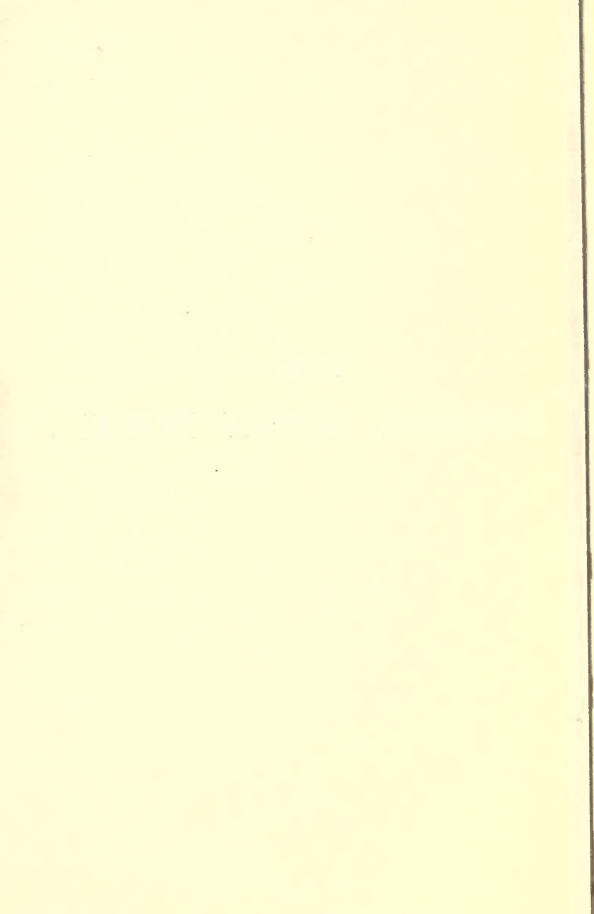
THE LIBRARY
of
VICTORIA UNIVERSITY
Toronto

322



THE
GOLDEN HYMN BOOK

12/13



THE GOLDEN HYMN BOOK

COMPILED BY

M. CATHARINE ALBRIGHT

HENRY FROWDE
LONDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW
AND NEW YORK

1903

BV
400
G64
1903

EMMANUEL

STOR

45 095 553

OXFORD : HORACE HART
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

PREFACE

THIS collection of hymns has been compiled from varied sources, and is intended for varied use both public and private, with the special hope that it may find a place and meet a need among the Society of Friends.

Grateful acknowledgement is due and is hereby offered to the authors of hymns and owners of copyright who have kindly given permission to publish hymns owned by them.

The claims of copyright have been carefully respected, and pardon is asked if in any case they have been unwittingly infringed.

Suitable tunes for the hymns will be found in the Tune Index. As far as possible they have, for convenience, been taken from one collection, the Bristol Tune Book; but reference is made to several other collections easily obtainable.

Permission for the use of hymns has been granted by the following :

Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Miss Betham-Edwards, Rev. St. Hill Bourne, Rev. Stopford Brooke, Rev. J. W. Chadwick, Mrs. Codner, Dr. Robert Collyer, Miss Doudney, Rev. H. Downton, Rev. Canon Ellerton, Rev. Washington Gladden, E. Hodder, Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Mrs. Luke, George Macdonald, Rev. George Matheson, D.D., A. Midlane, Rev. Theo. Monod, Rev. C. J. Ridsdale, Dr. M. J. Savage, Rev. Canon A. Stowell, Rev. W. G. Tarrant, Rev. G. Thring, Miss Waring, Rev. Benjamin Waugh, the Very Rev. Dean of Wells.

Also by the Representatives of the late Dean Alford, Bishop Bickersteth, Rev. H. Bonar, W. H. Burleigh, Miss Crewdson, Rev. W. Gaskell, Rev. Edwin Hatch, D.D., Dr. Norman Macleod, Rev. Dr. Martineau, F. T. Palgrave, J. A. Symonds, Rev. Canon Tuttiett, Bishop Walsham, Hon. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, Miss Winkworth.

And by the following publishers for hymns as enumerated.

Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, No. 193.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., No. 390.

Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons, No. 303.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Nos. 17, 18, 24, 94, 96, 159, 169, 212, 268, 365, 369.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., Nos. 153, 316.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Nos. 67, 132, 209, 300.

Messrs. Morgan & Scott, for various hymns from
"Sacred Songs and Solos."

Mr. John Murray, Nos. 62, 101.

Messrs. Thos. Nelson & Sons, Nos. 154, 185, 206, 286,
287, 357.

Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons, Ltd., No. 239.

Messrs. Nisbet & Co., Nos. 83, 104, 106, 165, 176, 224,
240, 257, 259, 269, 303, 374.

Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., for various
hymns from "Hymnal Companion."

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,
Nos. 146, 194.

Mr. W. Walker, Nos. 179, 346, 351, 397.

SUBJECT INDEX

	HYMNS
1. MORNING AND EVENING	1- 26
2. GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE	27- 58
3. JESUS CHRIST	59- 95
4. THE HOLY SPIRIT	96-104
5. PRAYER AND ASPIRATION	105-192
6. RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE.....	193-233
7. DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE	234-306
8. PRAISE AND WORSHIP	307-329
9. THE LIFE BEYOND	330-339
10. CHILDREN'S HYMNS.....	340-363
11. SEASONS	364-382
12. CHRISTMAS HYMNS AND CAROLS	383-400

	PAGES
INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TRANSLATORS	335-340
INDEX OF HYMNS WITH SUGGESTED TUNES	341-353
INDEX OF FIRST LINES.....	355-365

H Y M N S

MORNING

1

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies ;

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins ;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

O, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.

Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

MORNING

Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

I. Watts.

2

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above :
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. Keble.

LIFT UP THINE EYES

3

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run!
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice!

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King!

All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

T. Ken.

4

AT Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

MORNING

If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight ;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless ;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe ;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies ;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

Fain would we Thy Word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

Hear us, Lord, and that right soon ;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart, —
Loyal singleness of heart ;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise.

W. Bright.

5

THIS is the day of Light !
Let there be light to-day !
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

THE DAY OF LIGHT

This is the day of Rest !
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of Peace !
Thy peace our spirits fill !
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of Prayer !
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.

This is the First of days !
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of Death !

J. Ellerton.

6

BRING, O Morn, thy music ! Bring, O Night,
thy silence !
Oceans, chant the rapture to the storm-clouds
coursing free !
Suns and stars are singing,—Thou art our
Creator,
Thou wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
Joy and pain, Thy creatures, praise Thee,
mighty Giver,
Dumb the prayers are rising in Thy beast and
bird and tree,
Lo ! they praise and vanish, vanish at Thy
bidding ;
Thou wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

EVENING

Light us, lead us, love us ! cry Thy groping
nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but calling
only Thee,
Weaving blindly out one holy, happy purpose ;
Thou wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Life nor death can part us, O Thou Love
eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and wayward
souls that flee ;
Homeward draws the spirit to Thy Spirit
yearning,
Thou wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

W. C. Gannett.

EVENING

7

HEAVENLY Father, by whose care
Comes again this hour of prayer,
In the evening stillness, we
Grateful raise our hearts to Thee ;
To our spirits, as we bend,
Peace and holy comfort send.

Gladly we Thy Presence seek ;
Father ! to our spirits speak :
Call us from the world away ;
Still our passions' reckless play ;
On our inner darkness shine ;
Bend our wayward will to Thine.

HE KEEPETH ME

In this quiet eventide
May our souls with Thee abide,
Own Thy presence, feel Thy power,
Through this consecrated hour ;
And from peaceful vesper-prayer
Purer, stronger spirits bear.

T. Hincks.

8

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all ;
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty ;
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

EVENING

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad :
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

F. W. Faber.

9

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light !
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done :
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be !

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day !

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake !

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply !
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest !

T. Ken.

10

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resign'd :

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live ;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His Will be done
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity !
One Lord Divine !
May I be ever His !
And He for ever mine !

E. Caswall (from the Latin).

EVENING

11

“MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.
May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !”

J. Newton.

12

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
--- On the deep blue sea.

THE LONG NIGHT WATCHES

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

S. Baring-Gould.

13

OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all !

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal Choir !

EVENING

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

Shine thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. Ellerton.

14

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
abide !

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me !

SHINE THROUGH THE GLOOM

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings ;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile ;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou didst not leave me, oft as I left Thee :
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
victory ?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me !

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes !
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies !
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee :
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

H. F. Lyte.

15

THE twilight falls, the night is near ;
We put our work away,
And kneel to Him who bends to hear
The story of the day.

EVENING

The old, old story ; yet we kneel
To tell it at Thy call,
And cares grow lighter when we feel
Our Father knows them all.

Knows all ! the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The mountain track, the valley bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all : we lean our head,
Our wearied eyelids close ;
Content and glad awhile to tread
The path our Father knows.

And He has loved us ! all our heart
With answering love is stirred ;
And poverty and toil and smart
Find healing in that word.

So here we lay us down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall ;
And lean, confiding, on His breast,
Who knows and pities all.

Anon.

16

THE sun declines ; o'er land and sea
Creeps on the night ;
The twinkling stars come one by one
To shed their light ;
With Thee there is no darkness, Lord
With us abide,
And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure
This eventide.

THE HOLY CALM

Forgive the wrong this day we've done,
Or thought, or said ;
Each moment with its good or ill
To Thee has fled ;
O Father, in Thy mercy great
Will we confide ;
Thy benediction now bestow
This eventide.

And when with morning light we rise,
Kept by Thy care,
We'll lift to Thee with grateful hearts,
Our morning prayer.
Be Thou through life our Strength and Stay,
Our Guard and Guide
To that dear home where there will be
No eventide.

R. Walmsley.

17

NOW on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound ;
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.

Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still its ancient story—
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now our wants and burdens leaving
To His care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,
At His touch our burdens fall.

EVENING

As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo ! eternal stars arise ;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

S. Longfellow.

18

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls ;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace ;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God our Light ! to Thee we bow ;
Within all shadows standest Thou ;
Give deeper calm than night can bring ;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

S. Longfellow.

19

AS darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

GOD'S MIGHTY KEEPING

Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray Thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here :
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of love.

We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay ;
And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Anon.

20

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Heber and Whately.

EVENING

21

O LORD, who by Thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.

As Thou hast given me strength upon the way,
So deign at evening to become my guest ;
As Thou hast shared the labours of the day,
So also deign to share and bless my rest.

How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how
dead !
But, if Thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed.

Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet
repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast ;
If Thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.

Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be my guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din :
Oh come to bring me peace and joy and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin !

C. J. P. Spitta, tr. R. Massie.

22

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
Oh, in what divers pains they met !
Oh, with what joy they went away !

CHRIST'S HEALING

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near ;
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel !
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee ;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide ;

Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. Twells.

23

'TIS gone that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze,
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

EVENING

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if Thou be near,
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servants' eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live,
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble.

THE HOMEWARD WAY

24

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning
breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee,
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with
Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to
slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee :
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with
Thee.

Harriet B. Stowe.

25

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of
praise ;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day :
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

EVENING

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming
night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflicts
cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton.

26

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing :
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
We are safe, for Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee :
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb ;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

J. Edmeston.

GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE

27

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper.

28

GO not, my soul, in search of Him,
Thou wilt not find Him there,
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne ;
In every heart it findeth place,
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And Soul with soul hath kin ;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity,
And with His glory shine.

Thou shalt not want for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone ;
Th' indwelling God will go with thee
And show thee of His own.

Oh gift of gifts, Oh grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart His dwelling-place
And be thy daily Friend !

Then go not thou in search of Him
But to thyself repair ;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find Him there.

F. L. Hosmer.

29

I LITTLE see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill :
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

THE HEAVENLY LEADER

No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But He my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

Upon His providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must ;
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

F. L. Hosmer.

30

UNTO Thee, abiding ever,
Look I in my need,
Strength of every good endeavour,
Holy thought and deed.

Thou dost guide the stars of heaven,
Heal the broken heart,
Bring in turn the morn and even—
Love and Law Thou art.

Clouds and darkness are about Thee,
Just and sure Thy throne ;
Not a sparrow falls without Thee,
All to Thee is known.

GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE

Through my life, whate'er betide me,
Thou my trust shalt be ;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee ?

F. L. Hosmer.

31

SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness : oh, how still
Is the working of Thy will !

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me Heaven's eternal lights.

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought ;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires !

Holy Truth, eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine serenely still,
And with light my being fill.

Let my life attuned be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

W. H. Furness.

32

I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay :
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

The Lord shall keep thy soul ; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

Scotch Version.

33

HOW gentle God's commands !
How kind His precepts are !
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

Beneath His watchful eye,
His saints securely dwell ;
The hand that bears creation up
Shall guard His children well.

GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
We'll drop our burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

P. Doddridge.

34

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me;
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me:
And can I be dismayed?
Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim!
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.
Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path of life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

THE ETERNAL RIGHT

35

OH, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right ;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man :

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore :
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

J. G. Whittier.

36

OUT beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord ! the chiefest—
Grace to persevere.

GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE

Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss.

F. W. Faber.

37

WHERE is thy God, my soul?
Is He within thy heart,
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun;
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page;
Or does His Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?

O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart;
O great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.

Giver of holy words,
Bestow Thy sacred power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

T. T. Lynch.

38

I CANNOT find Thee. Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell :
I wander lost through all Thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable.

I cannot find Thee. E'en when most adoring,
Before Thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought
upsoaring
From furthest quest comes back : Thou art
not there !

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the depths of conscious being,
Thy splendour shineth : there, O God, Thou
art !

I cannot lose Thee ! Still in Thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam :
The Hand that holds the worlds my steps is
guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

39

O THOU, in all Thy might so far,
In all Thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside me here ;

GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE

What heart can comprehend Thy name,
Or, searching, find Thee out?
Who art, within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about.

Lord, though I know Thee but in part,
I ask not now for more:
Enough for me to know Thou art,
To love Thee and adore!

Oh, sweeter than all else besides,
The tender mystery,
That like a veil of shadow hides
The light I may not see!

And dearer than all things we know,
The childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to Thee.

F. L. Hosmer.

40

O GOD, in whom we live and move,
Thy love is law, Thy law is love;
Thy present Spirit waits to fill
The soul which comes to do Thy will.

Unto Thy children's spirits teach
Thy love, beyond the power of speech;
And make them know, with joyful awe,
The encircling presence of Thy law.

That law doth give to truth and right,
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,
And dooms each fondly-worshipped lie,
And boasting wrong, to cower and die.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will ;
Nor suffers one true word or thought
Or deed of love to come to nought.

With faith, O God, our spirits fill,
That we may work in patience still :
Who works for justice works with Thee ;
Who works in love Thy child shall be.

F. L. Hosmer.

41

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,

GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

J. Addison.

42

WE cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost move ;
But we can always surely say
That God is love.

When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth—our souls, to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary, spring,
For God is love.

When cloud hangs o'er our darkened path,
We'll check our dread, each doubt reprove ;
For here each saint sweet comfort hath
That God is love.

Yes, Thou art love—a truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn our tears and woes to bliss :
Our God is love.

Sir J. Bowring.

43

HE leadeth me ! Oh, blessed thought !
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught !
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !
By His own hand He leadeth me ;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

LOVE DIVINE

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine ;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since Thou through Jordan leadest me.

J. H. Gilmore.

44

O LOVE Divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care :
We smile at pain while Thou art near !

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near."

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near."

On Thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear ;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near !

O. W. Holmes.

45

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

I. Watts.

46

GOD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom; God is love.

GOD IS WISDOM

Death and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move ;
But His mercy waneth never :
God is wisdom ; God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
From the mist His brightness streameth :
God is wisdom ; God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Ev'rywhere His glory shineth :
God is wisdom ; God is love.

Sir J. Bowring.

47

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside ?

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows ;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim ;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy Name.

While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk through death's dark
shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE

In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

J. Addison.

48

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread :

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :

LOVE EVERYWHERE

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the cross our aid ;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb ;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

S. Baring-Gould.

49

LONG ago the lilies faded
Which to Jesus seemed so fair,
But the love that bade them blossom
Still is working everywhere.

On the moors, and in the valleys,
By the streams we love so well,
There is greater glory blooming
Than the tongue of man can tell.

Long ago, in sacred silence,
Died the accents of His prayer ;
Still the souls that seek the Father
Find His presence everywhere.

In the multitude adoring,
In the chamber sad and lone,
He is there to help and comfort,
As they pray, "Thy will be done !"

GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE

Let us seek Him, still believing
He that worketh round us yet,
Clothing lilies in the meadows,
Will His children ne'er forget.

W. G. Tarrant.

50

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace !
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase ;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living
Way.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth !
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith or hope.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right !
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a moral night ;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest !
However rough and steep the pathway be ;
Through joy or sorrow as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee !

W. H. Burleigh.

51

WHEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey :
He who bids us forward go
Cannot fail the way to show.

THE QUIET VOICE

Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied,
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

Though it be the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light,
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

Night with Him is never night,
Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

Be it ours, then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear;
Where He calls us, there to go,
What He bids us, that to do.

T. Kelly.

52

I HEAR it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light,—
Where is the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

Oh! may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A spirit sky, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?

GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE

And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God Himself,
The Father, dwells unseen?

O God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,
And in Thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
They ever seem to say,—*"My child,*
Why seek Me so all day;
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way."

W. C. Gannett.

53

THE Light along the ages
Shines brightly as it goes;
From stage to stage more glorious
Its radiant splendour grows,
Man's life begun so lowly
Now soars to heaven above,
To share, in life eternal,
The joys of endless love!

We thank Thee, O our Father!
For every gift of Thine,
All speak alike the bounty
Of tenderness divine;

THE THOUGHT OF GOD

But, every gift surpassing,
This wondrous thought we own,—
The Son of Man is risen
To dwell before Thy throne !

Wherever goodness reigneth
The soul of Christ lives on,
And every Christ-like spirit
Shall rise where He hath gone ;
Earth's dust hath served its mission ;
Henceforth the soul is free,
And through the heights of being
Ascends, O God, to Thee.

W. G. Tarrant.

54

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board :
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer ;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road ;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God!

F. L. Hosmer.

55

AS drooping flowers pine for rain
When parched with heat of day,
As weary travellers long again
For home when far away,

So thirsts my soul, O God, for Thee:
Let heavenly dews descend;
Refresh my path, and let me be
Supported to the end.

How weary would the journey prove
Without Thy guiding hand!
O give me wisdom, light, and love,
Thy ways to understand.

Although the sky may be o'ercast,
And storms may cloud my way,
Yet let me see Thy face at last,
And live in perfect day.

M. A. Baines.

56

I KNOW not what awaits me;
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy He sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

FAITH NOT SIGHT

One step I see before me ;
'Tis all I need to see :
The light of heaven more brightly shines
When earth's illusions flee ;
And sweetly through the silence comes
His loving "Follow Me."

O blissful lack of wisdom !
'Tis blessed not to know ;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go ;
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

So on I go—not knowing,
I would not if I might ;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light ;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

Brainard.

57

AS the sun's enlivening eye,
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh,
To the souls that love His name.

When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way,
He is ever with them all,
Those who go and those who stay.

From His holy mercy seat,
Nothing can their souls confine,
Still in spirit they may meet,
Still in sweet communion join.

GOD'S PRESENCE AND GUIDANCE

For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Father hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In Thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain,
Give us, if we live, 'ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

J. Newton.

58

WHO fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God, He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge in trembling self-distrust
A prayer without a claim.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar,
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

IMMORTAL LOVE

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

J. G. Whittier.

JESUS CHRIST

59

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

JESUS CHRIST

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee;
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock Thee when we do not fear:
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

A. Tennyson.

60

THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious Light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled the oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the Hosts of Heaven.

THE SAVIOUR COMES

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know :
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And Peace abound below.

J. Morison.

61

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song !

He comes ! the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes ! from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes ! the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim !
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

P. Doddridge.

THE Lord is come ! On Syrian soil,
The child of poverty and toil ;
The Man of Sorrows, born to know
Each varying shade of human woe :
His joy, His glory, to fulfil,
In earth and heaven, His Father's will ;
On lonely mount, by festive board,
On bitter cross, despised, adored.

The Lord is come ! Dull hearts to wake,
He speaks, as never man yet spake,
The truth which makes His servants free,
The royal law of liberty.
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
His living words our spirits stay,
And from His treasures, new and old,
The eternal mysteries unfold.

The Lord is come ! With joy behold
The gracious signs, declared of old ;
The ear that hears, the eye that sees,
The sick restored to health and ease ;
The poor, that from their low estate
Are roused to seek a nobler fate ;
The minds with doubt and dread possessed
That find in Him their perfect rest.

The Lord is come ! The world's great stage
Begins a better, brighter age ;
The old gives place unto the new ;
The false retires before the true ;
A progress that shall never tire,
A central heat of sacred fire,
A hope that soars beyond the tomb,
Reveal that Christ has truly come.

"SUFFER THE CHILDREN"

The Lord is come ! In Him we trace
The fulness of God's truth and grace ;
Throughout those words and acts Divine
Gleams of the eternal splendour shine ;
And from His inmost Spirit flow,
As from a height of sunlit snow,
The rivers of perennial life,
To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.

The Lord is come ! In every heart,
Where truth and mercy claim a part ;
In every land where right is might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light ;
In every Church, where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above ;
In every holy, happy home,
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come !

A. P. Stanley.

63

IT fell upon a summer day,
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers of the village brought
Their children to His knee.

He took them in His arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head ;
"Suffer these little ones to come
To Me," He gently said.

"Forbid them not ; unless ye bear
The childish heart your hearts within,
Unto My Kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in."

JESUS CHRIST

Master, I fain would enter there ;
Oh let me follow Thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self
Build up my life, good Lord.

All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart Thine heaven.

And all the wisdom that is born
Of joy and love that question not,
The child's bright vision of the earth,
Be mine, O Lord, unsought.

Oh, happy thus to live and move !
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, His love,
His good in all mankind.

Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
So pure, so strong to heal.

So when, far fled from earth, I come
Before Thee, happy and forgiven,
The heavenly host may cry with joy,
"A child is born in heaven."

A. Stopford Brooke.

64

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

In joy of inward peace or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence
His witness is within.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. Whittier.

65

“MASTER, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee :”
Here in the ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care,
Of heart's distraught with doubt and fear,
Believing in their unbelief,
Calling Thy servants all in vain,
To ease them of their bitter pain.

“Master, it is good to be
Where rest the souls that talk with Thee :”
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and light,
Or caught the still small whisper higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

“Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three :”
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptations shock ;
Here, where the Son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes and word that burns ;
Here where on eagle's wings we move
With Him whose last best creed is Love.

“Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwapt, alone with Thee ;”
Watching the glistening raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine,
Irradiant with a light Divine,
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

THE HUMBLE KING

“Master, it is good to be
In life’s worst anguish close to Thee ;”
Within the overshadowing crowd
Which wraps us in its awful shroud :
We wist not what to think or say,
Our spirits sink in sore dismay,
They tell us of the dread “Decease,”
But yet to linger here is peace.

“Master, it is good to be
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee :”
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice,
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold and faith be dim,
“This is my Son, O hear ye Him.”

A. P. Stanley.

66

I LONG did roam afar from home,
My proud heart could not guide me,
Till the King of heaven sent down
One to walk beside me.

No glory shone His way upon,
No monarch’s crown adorned Him ;
Love discerned her humble King,
Though the blind world scorned Him.

To my dear King some gift to bring
I sought to buy or borrow ;
“Give me, child, thy heart,” said He--
I was filled with sorrow.

JESUS CHRIST

Again I heard His gracious word
"A place for thee I'm keeping,"
Dumbly still my fearful heart
 Waited, doubting, weeping.

"Turn not away," He seemed to say,
And drew me gently near Him;
Love like this I ne'er had known—
 Who could longer fear Him?

His eyes Divine looked love in mine,
My tears with His were blended;
"O my King, I nothing bring,
 Thine and mine are ended."

T. C. Williams.

67

CHRIST in His heavenly garden walks all day,
And calls to souls upon the world's highway;
Wearied with trifles, maimed and sick with sin,
Christ by the gate stands, and invites them in.

"How long, unwise, will ye pursue your woe?
Here from the throne sweet waters ever go;
Here the white lilies shine like stars above;
Here in the red rose burns the face of Love.

"'Tis not from earthly paths I bid you flee,
But lighter in My ways your feet will be;
'Tis not to summon you from human mirth,
But add a depth and sweetness not of earth."

"Still by the gate I stand as on ye stray:
Turn your steps hither, am not I the Way?
The sun is falling fast; the night is nigh:
Why will ye wander? Wherefore will ye die?"

F. T. Palgrave.

68

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall
"Repent, return, thou shalt be loosed from all."

Cease, restless will! thy lonely strife resign!
I know too well how little strength is mine;
Grant me, dear Lord, Thy saving love to see!
I strive no more, I give myself to Thee.

S. J. Stone.

69

IN the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way:
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

JESUS CHRIST

In the cross of Christ I glory ;
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir J. Bowring.

70

BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed,
All creatures have their rest,
 But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
 The weary and the heavy laden rest,
To bid the sinner live,
 And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

Let the birds seek their nest,
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
 Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

Come ! give me rest, and take
 The only rest on earth Thou lov'st, within
A heart, that for Thy sake,
 Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

V. S. B. Monsell.

71

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with Him one bitter hour :
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn from Him to watch and pray.

THE CORDS OF LOVE

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
See Him meekly bearing all ;
Love to man His soul sustained :
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn from Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb :
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete ;
"It is finished," hear Him cry,
Learn from Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom ;
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen, He seeks the skies :
Saviour, teach us so to rise !

J. Montgomery.

72

I'VE found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !
He loved me ere I knew Him ;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am His and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !
He bled, He died to save me ;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.

JESUS CHRIST

Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver :
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !
All power to Him is given
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar
To nerve my faint endeavour :
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever !

I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !
So kind, and true, and tender ;
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender !
From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever !
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell ?
No—I am His for ever ! *J. G. Small.*

73

HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?
" I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
" Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

UNCHANGING LOVE

“Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath ;
Free and faithful, strong as death.

“Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?”

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee, and adore ;
Oh for grace to love Thee more.

W. Cowper.

74

ONE there is who loves thee, waiting still for
thee ;
Canst thou yet reject Him ? None so kind as
He !
Do not grieve Him longer, come and trust Him
now ;
He has waited all thy days : why waitest thou ?

CHORUS :

One there is who loves thee,
Oh, receive Him now !
He has waited all the day :
Why waitest thou ?

Tenderly He woos thee, do not slight His call ;
Though thy sins are many, He'll forgive them all.
Turn to Him repenting, He will cleanse thee
now ;
He is waiting at thy heart : why waitest thou ?

JESUS CHRIST

Jesus still is waiting ; sinner, why delay ?
To His arms of mercy rise and haste away !
Only come believing, He will save thee now ;
He is waiting at the door : why waitest thou ?

Ayres.

75

TENDERLY He leads us, all our days below ;
Carefully He shows us every step we go.

Tenderly He leads us,
Every step we go ;
Oh, how sweet to trust Him
All the way below !

Through the Holy Spirit, we are taught the way
Upward to His kingdom, brighter far than day.

They who early seek Him with a humble mind,
Pardon, life, and comfort evermore shall find.

F. J. Crosby.

76

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS :

Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love !

LOVER OF MY SOUL

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave—
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Hankey.

77

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

JESUS CHRIST

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the Fountain art ;
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley.

78

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

HIS HEALING VIRTUE

Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought :

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

J. Newton.

79

SHE only touched the hem of His garment,
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around Him ;
And straightway she was whole.

Oh, touch the hem of His garment !
And thou too shalt be free !
His saving power this very hour
Shall give new life to thee !

She came in fear and trembling before Him,
She knew her Lord had come,
She felt that from Him virtue had healed her ;
The mighty deed was done.

He turned with " Daughter, be of good comfort ;
Thy faith hath made thee whole !"
And peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness filled her soul.

G. F. Root.

80

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power !

Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow ;
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

A. M. Toplady.

81

O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
 Yet 'twas the Lord's abode ;
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
 Yet here Immanuel trod.

THE WORD MADE FLESH

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven ;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee ;
Not only in the tear and moan
Shall the dear kindred be :

We shall be reckoned as Thine own,
Because Thy heaven we share,
Because we sing around Thy throne,
And Thy bright raiment wear.

O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine ;
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine.

Yes, strange the gift and marvellous
By Thee received and given !
Thou tookest woe and death for us,
And we receive Thy heaven.

T. H. Gill.

82

“COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.”
Oh blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest ;

JESUS CHRIST

It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

“Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.”
Oh loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night ;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way ;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

“Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.”
Oh cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife ;
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

“And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.”
Oh welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt ;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

W. Chatterton Dix.

83

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.

THE PROMISED REST

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar.

84

BEHOLD Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore
With gentle voice : Oh, heart of sin,
May I come in ? may I come in ?

CHORUS :

Behold Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore ;
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in ? may I come in ?

JESUS CHRIST

I bore the cruel thorns for thee,
I waited long and patiently :
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

I would not plead with thee in vain,
Remember all My grief and pain !
I died to ransom thee from sin :
May I come in? may I come in?

I bring thee joy from heaven above,
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love :
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

F. J. Crosby.

85

“**W**HOSOEVER heareth !” shout, shout the
sound !

Send the blessed tidings all the world around !
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found :
“Whosoever will may come.”

CHORUS :

“Whosoever will !” “whosoever will !”
Send the proclamation over vale and hill ;
’Tis the loving Father calls the wanderer home :
“Whosoever will may come.”

Whosoever cometh need not delay ;
Now the door is open, enter while ye may :
Jesus is the true, the only living way,
“Whosoever will may come.”

“Whosoever will,” the promise is secure ;
“Whosoever will” for ever shall endure,
“Whosoever will”—’tis life for evermore :
“Whosoever will may come.”

P. P. Bliss.

86

JESUS calls us—o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea ;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

As of old apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

Jesus calls us. By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

C. F. Alexander.

87

THERE were ninety-and-nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold ;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

JESUS CHRIST

“Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety-and-nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?”
But the Shepherd made answer: “This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.”

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through
Ere He found the sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

“Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the
way,
That mark out the mountain’s track?”
“They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.”
“Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and
torn?”
“They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.”

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven:
“Rejoice! I have found My sheep!”
And the angels echoed around the throne,
“Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!”

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

88

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o’ershadow’d
Sweetly my soul shall rest,

OUR REFUGE

Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the crystal sea.
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadow'd
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there ;
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
Safe in the arms, etc.

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me,
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,—
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms, etc.

Frances J. Van Alstyne.

89

ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend :
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

JESUS CHRIST

Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But, when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

J. Newton.

90

SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kinder shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

THE HEART OF THE ETERNAL

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own ;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus,
And oh ! come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

91

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed ?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide ?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

JESUS CHRIST

Is there diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
“Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
“Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed.”

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
“Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
“Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes.”

J. M. Neale.

92

“**I**N Me ye may have peace;
My peace I give to you.”
Rest, troubled soul, rest in the Lord;
His love will bear thee through.

“In Me ye may have peace :”
Though wars against thee rise,
Hope thou in God, be not dismayed :
Lift up thy weeping eyes.

COME YE APART

"In Me ye may have peace :"
Dear Lord, our refuge be :
In weal or woe, in life or death,
We would abide in Thee !

P. P. Bliss.

93

"COME ye yourselves apart, and rest
awhile ;"

So spake the precious Lord, with gracious smile.
What soul-refreshing thoughts the words suggest—

"Come ye yourselves apart," with Me, "and
rest" !

"Come ye yourselves apart, and listen too ;
For I have many things to say to you.
You cannot learn them all in one short day,
But something may be learnt if you will stay."

"Come ye yourselves apart, renew your
strength,
That you may better go prepared, at length,
By holy leisure spent alone with Me,
To work the work prepared for thee—for thee !"

E. H. Bickersteth.

94

KNOCKING ! knocking ! who is there ?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair !
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before ;
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door ?

JESUS CHRIST

Knocking ! knocking ! still He's there !
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair :
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

Knocking ! knocking !—what, still there !
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair !
Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour waiting there.

Harriet B. Stowe.

95

PEACE ! perfect peace ! in this dark world of
sin ?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace ! perfect peace ! by thronging duties prest ?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace ! perfect peace ! with sorrows surging
round ?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace ! perfect peace ! with loved ones far
away ?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace ! perfect peace ! our future all unknown ?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace ; perfect peace ! death shadowing us and
ours ?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

THE GIFTS OF PENTECOST

It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop Bickersteth.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

96

HOLY Spirit, Truth Divine !
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love Divine !
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Perish self in Thy pure fire !

Holy Spirit, Power Divine !
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive !

S. Longfellow.

97

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long ;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong ;
Love than death itself more strong ;
Therefore give us love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

C. Wordsworth.

98

SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, Great Spirit, come!

Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

THE GUIDE AND COMFORTER

Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

A. Reed.

99

COME gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ—the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

S. Browne.

100

OUR blessed Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see ;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

Harriet Auber.

101

SPIRIT unseen, our spirit's home,
Whereso'er o'er earth we roam,
Lost in depths of trackless wood,
Tost on ocean's desert flood,
By the Old World's sacred haunts,
Or the New World's soaring wants,
Peopled isle or coral shoal,
We through Thee are one in soul.

Spirit of forgiving love,
Come and shelter from above
Those who claim Thee as their own,
Or who follow Thee unknown ;

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

Come and fill with second life
Minds distraught with doubt and strife;
Conquering with Thy bloodless sword
Be the conquered's great reward.

* * * * *

When the pulse of youth beats high,
Be Thy still small warning nigh;
When for great resolves we yearn,
Towards the cross our manhood turn;
When our locks grow scant and hoary,
Light them with Thy crown of glory;
When at last we come to die,
Sparkle in the vacant eye,
Hope of Immortality.

A. P. Stanley.

102

GOD sets a still small voice
Deep every soul within;
It guideth to the right,
And warneth us of sin.

If we that voice obey,
Clearer its tones will be,
Till all God's will for us
Clear as noonday we see.

If we that voice neglect,
Fainter will be its tone;
If still unheeded, it
Will leave us quite alone.

O grief! to be allowed
To go our own wild way;
Lord, hold Thy children back,
Lest we so sadly stray.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

And help us to attend
To Thy sweet voice divine ;
Then in the judgment day
Own us, good Lord, as Thine.

Elizabeth W'iglesworth.

103

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me !
G I myself would gracious be ;
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me !
I myself would truthful be ;
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear.

Gentle Spirit, dwell with me !
I myself would gentle be ;—
Gentle as the morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Quiet Spirit, dwell with me !
I myself would quiet be,—
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way hath made.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me !
I myself would mighty be,—
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me !
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose, and cherish all things good.

T. T. Lynch.

104

MIGHTY Comforter, to Thee
In our feebleness we flee:
Oh, unveil Thy gracious face,
Spread out all Thy wondrous grace!

Strengtheners of the poor and weak,
To Thy power for strength we seek;
Heavenly fulness, from above,
Oh descend in blessed love!

Loving Spirit, come, oh come!
Find in us Thine endless home;
Find in this our world below
Dwellings for Thy glory now.

Holy Light, upon us shine
With Thine energy divine;
Heavenly Brightness, break Thou forth
Over this benighted earth.

With th' eternal Father one,
One with the eternal Son;
Blessèd Spirit, Thee we praise,
Now and through eternal days.

H. Bonar.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

105

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold he prays!

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

J. Montgomery.

106

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To Thy goodness flee ;
 When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee ;
 When the troubled, seeking peace,
 On Thy Name shall call ;
 When the sinner, seeking life,
 At Thy feet shall fall :
 Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the worldling, sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above ;
 When the prodigal looks back
 To his Father's love ;
 When the proud man, in his pride,
 Stoops to seek Thy face ;
 When the burdened brings his guilt
 To Thy throne of grace ;
 Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,
 All his toils to end ;
 When the hungry craveth food,
 And the poor a friend ;
 When the sailor on the wave
 Bows the fervent knee,
 When the soldier on the field
 Lifts his heart to Thee ;
 Hear then in love, O Lord the cry,
 In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the Name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed Name:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak, and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

H. Bonar.

107

GO, when the morning shineth;
Go, when the noon is bright;
Go, when the day declineth;
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure heart and feeling;
Cast earthly thoughts away;
And in thy chamber kneeling
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.

THE THRONE OF GRACE

Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim ;
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

But if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray ;
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way ;
E'en then, in silent breathing,
The spirit raised above
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall ;
Remember in thy gladness
His love who gave thee all.
Oh ! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The power which He has given
T' approach His throne in prayer.

Jane C. Simpson.

108

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro ;
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
. If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee ;
More careful not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

PEACE, BE STILL

In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me ;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

A. L. Waring.

109

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapp'd in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

"Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony !"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

The wild winds hush'd : the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep ;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring.

110

WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go ;
Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend.

With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell ;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee ;
That Thou, O Lord, in life or death
Their help shalt be.

Then the bright word of hope,
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

Farewell : in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer ;
Till He whose home is ours above
Unite us there.

G. Watson.

111

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father Divine ;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owing that life and death
Alike are Thine.

O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow ;

LOSING SELF IN GOD

When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down ;
Sustain us, Thou !

By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away ;
Aid us, O God.

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father Divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine !

Felicia D. Hemans.

112

NOW let us see Thy beauty, Lord,
As we have seen before ;
And by Thy beauty quicken us
To love Thee and adore.

Our every foolish mood is cooled,
And gone is every load,
When we can lose the love of self,
And find the love of God.

'Tis by Thy loveliness we're won
To home and Thee again ;
And as we are Thy children true,
We are more truly men.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Lord, it is coming to ourselves
When thus we come to Thee ;
The bondage of Thy loveliness
Is perfect liberty.

So now we come to ask again
What Thou hast often given,
The vision of that loveliness
Which is the life of heaven.

B. Waugh.

113

O FATHER, when the softened heart
Is lifted up in prayer to Thee,
When earthly thoughts awhile depart,
And leave the mounting spirit free :

Then teach us that our love, like Thine,
O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
No lines of race or hue should know :

Not bound by party, caste, or creed,
All narrow realms of self above :
For whoso of our love hath need,
To him we owe the dues of love.

Into the circle lift us up
Of Thy divine beneficence :
And, freely as Thou fill'st our cup,
Freely may we to all dispense.

Anon.

114

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

CHRIST OUR PATTERN

O Thou, our soul's chief hope !
We to Thy mercy fly ;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign :
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee :
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

J. Austin.

115

L ORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

J. H. Gurney.

116

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou majesty divine!

God of my strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten, mourn?—
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressors' scorn?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady.

117

THOU to whom we pray,
Show us Thy perfect way;
Lead us from day to day
Closer to Thee.

SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

Closer to Thee, closer to Thee ;
Closer, closer, closer to Thee.

And when the foe is nigh,
May we all sin defy !
Dare to resist or die,
Strengthened by Thee.

Strengthened by Thee, strengthened by Thee ;
Strengthened, strengthened, strengthened by
Thee.

If clouds the daylight hide,
Be Thou our Light and Guide ;
Let whatsoe'er betide
Lead us to Thee.

Lead us to Thee, lead us to Thee ;
Lead us, lead us, lead us to Thee.

Mary Mathews-Barnes.

118

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Dayspring from on high, be near ;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

Chas. Wesley.

119

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer;
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

Anon.

120

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy :
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. Edmeston.

121

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !
To Thine abode, my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still, and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill !

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat ! when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet !

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

The Lord His people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From holy, humble souls.
Thrice happy he, O Lord of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee !

I. Watts.

122

I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord ;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

CHORUS :

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee ;
Every hour I need Thee :
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour ;
Stay Thou near by :
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

I need Thee every hour ;
In joy or pain ;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

I need Thee every hour :
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

THE PURE IN HEART

I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

Mrs. A. S. Hawks.

123

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King,

He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek!
May ours this blessing be,
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

J. Keble.

124

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angels' songs;
That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the Throne,
And moves the Hand which moves the world,
And brings salvation down.

Wallace.

125

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us ever more be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

J. Fawcett.

126

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the Mercy-seat ;
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have we no words ? ah, think again ;
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

W. Cowper.

127

OUR Father, while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong Thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With faith's undying flame.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Not by the lightning gleams of wrath
Our souls Thy face shall see ;
The star of love must light the path
That leads to heaven and Thee.

Help us to read our Master's will,
Through every darkening stain
That clouds His sacred image still,
And see Him once again ;

The brother Man, the pitying Friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.

If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept, our sins forgive,
Our youthful zeal renew,
Shape for us holier lives to live,
And nobler work to do.

O. W. Holmes.

128

THINE for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife ;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
Oh defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

M. F. Maude.

129

O GOD, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Then knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.
Thine only, Thine alone I am,
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame!

O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole—
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
All coldness from my heart remove,
And every act and thought be love.

O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er Thy healing beams arise.
God of my life, oh may I see
In earth, in heaven, no home but Thee.

Anon.

130

GOD be with you till we meet again!—
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again!

Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! . . .
Till we meet at Jesus' feet; . . .
Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! . . .
God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!—
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!—
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His loving arms around you;
God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!—
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!

J. E. Rankin, D.D.

131

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

CROSSING THE BAR

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.

132

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark ;
For, tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

A. Tennyson.

133

O HOLY Father, Friend unseen !
Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,
Help me throughout life's varying scene
By faith to cling to Thee.

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone
Whispers, "Still cling to Me!"

Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside,
But safe, and calm, and satisfied,
In love to cling to Thee.

Blest is my lot whate'er befall ;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Father, I cling to Thee?

Charlotte Elliott.

134

O H safe to the Rock that is higher than I
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would
fly :
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be ;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee !

CHORUS :

Hiding in Thee ! hiding in Thee !
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee !

In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its
power ;

RISE, MY SOUL

In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee!

How oft in the conflict when pressed by the foe
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe!
How often, when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou rock of my soul!

W. O. Cushing.

135

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.

Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source.

So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

R. Seagrave.

136

FATHER, let Thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And Thine ever gracious presence,
Bless us all our journey through.
May we ever,
Keep the work of life in view.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Few our years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from Thee ;
In the morn of our existence
Let us Thy salvation see.
 Meek in spirit,
Then shall we Thy children be.

When temptation shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let Thine arm of strength defend us ;
Father, hear us when we pray.
 Thou art mighty,
Be Thou, then, our rock and stay.

Praise and blessing, power and glory,
Will we render, Lord, to Thee ;
For the news of Thy salvation
Shall extend from sea to sea.
 All the nations
Joyfully shall worship Thee.

Mary Shelley.

137

SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tenderest care ;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.
 Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

We are Thine : do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way ;
Keep Thy flock ; from sin defend us ;
Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free.
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will ;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

D. A. Thrupp.

138

FATHER, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing
flows ;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the
morrow :
Safely they rest who on Thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before
us,
When the vain cares that vex our life in-
crease—
Comes with its calm the thought that Thou
art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

Naught shall affright us on Thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song :
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness Thou dost make us
strong.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Patience, O heart ! though heavy be thy sor-
rows,
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain ;
Yet shalt thou praise Him when these darkened
furrows,
Where now He plougheth, wave with golden
grain.

F. L. Hosmer.

139

L ORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With rev'rence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

We perish if we cease from prayer ;
Oh grant us power to pray !
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong desiring confidence,
To hear Thy voice and live ;

Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone ;

Patience to watch, and wait and weep,
Though mercy long delayed ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

THE RESTING HEART

Give these ; and then Thy will be done :
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

J. Montgomery.

140

MY heart is resting. O my God,
I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill ;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies ;
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on Thee,
With the service of a watchful heart,
Which no one else can see—
The faith that in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care ;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say ;
And the music of their glad amen
Will never die away.

Anna L. Waring.

141

PURER yet, and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet, and dearer,
Every duty find ;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

Calmer yet, and calmer,
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet, and surer,
Peace at last to gain ;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

Higher yet, and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet, and nearer,
Rising to the light :
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

Swifter yet, and swifter,
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer,
Step as I go on.

HE CARETH FOR YOU

Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. Von Goethe.

142

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield Thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

J. Scriven.

143

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways ;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind ;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease ;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm ;
Let sense be dumb, its heat expire ;
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
Oh still small voice of calm.

J. G. Whittier.

144

JESU, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest prayer.

Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do ;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

HOURLY HELP

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill ;

I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;

A spirit e'er prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I rest upon Thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

C. Wesley.

145

O HELP us, Lord ; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

O help us, Jesu, from on high,
We know no help but Thee ;
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

H. H. Milman.

146

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end :
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend ;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me :
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end :
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own ;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone ;

SHOWERS OF BLESSING

O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heav'n receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

J. E. Bode.

147

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me !

Pass me not, O gracious Father !
Sinful though my heart may be :
Thou might'st leave me ; but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me—Even me !

Pass me not, O tender Saviour !
Let me love and cling to Thee ;
I am longing for Thy favour ;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—Even me !

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me !

Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless ;
Magnify them all in me—Even me !

Pass me not ! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me !

Mrs. Codner.

148

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

Far, far above thy thought,
His counsel shall appear ;
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

QUIETNESS AND CONFIDENCE

Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
Our hearts are known to Thee :
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

Paul Gerhardt, tr. J. Wesley.

149

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free,
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

150

NOT on this day, O God, alone
Would we Thy presence seek :
But fain its hallowing power would own
Through all the coming week.

If calm and bright its moments prove,
Untouched by pain or woe,
May they reflect a thankful love
To Thee from whom they flow.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Or should they bring us griefs severe,
Still may we lean on Thee,
And though our eyes let fall the tear,
At peace our spirits be.

In every scene, or dark, or bright,
Thy favour may we seek ;
And oh, do Thou direct us right
Through all the coming week.

W. Gaskell.

151

O STRENGTH and stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour thro' all its changes guide,

Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouch'd by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

Latin, tr. J. Ellerton.

152

THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows ;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

REST IN GOD

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free
When it hath found repose in Thee!

Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but Thee!

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice. Amen.

G. Tersteegen, tr. J. Wesley.

153

WHEN in the hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid;
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought:

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee,
For rescue from our misery;

To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore, with bitter sighs,
And seek Thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.

For Thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to Thee
Through Him, whose name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our Advocate.

O hide not from our sins Thy face,
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace,
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill:

That so with all our hearts we may
To Thee our glad thanksgiving pay,
And walk obedient to Thy word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.

Paul Eber, tr. C. Winkworth.

154

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

THE HEAVENLY FATHERLAND

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near ;
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not love and hope forsake us ;
For through many a foe,
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief ;
When, oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

When with shame and sin
We are tossed within,
May we hear thy voice from Eden,
"Come to me, O heavy laden ;
I will give you rest
On My Father's breast."

When sweet earth and skies
Fade before our eyes ;
When through death we look to heaven,
And our sins are all forgiven,
From Thy bright abode
Call us home to God.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

*N. L. Zinzendorf,
tr. Jane Borthwick.*

155

O LORD, how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on Thee,
 If we from self could rest ;
 And feel at heart that One above,
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden wild alarms ;
 Oh, could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On Thy almighty arms !

Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer ;
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should,
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
 But birds and flowerets round us preach,
 All, all the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
 Make them from self to cease ;
 Leave all things to a Father's will,
 And taste, before Him lying still,
 E'en in affliction, peace.

J. Anstice.

156

O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,

Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love that knows no ending,

Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,

Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,

Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,

And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy Blomfield.

157

THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.

The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

J. Ellerton.

158

THOU to whom the sick and dying
 Ever came, nor came in vain,
 Still with healing word replying
 To the wearied cry of pain,
 Hear us, Jesu, as we meet
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

Still the weary, sick, and dying
 Need a brother's, sister's care,
 On Thy higher help relying
 May we now their burden share,
 Bringing all our offerings meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

May each child of Thine be willing,
 Willing both in hand and heart,
 All the law of love fulfilling,
 Ever comfort to impart ;
 Ever bringing offerings meet,
 Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

So may sickness, sin, and sadness
 To Thy healing virtue yield,
 Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
 One in Thee together meet,
 Pardon'd at Thy mercy-seat.

G. Thring.

159

O GOD, unseen, but ever near,
 Our blessed rest art Thou ;
 And we, in love that hath no fear,
 Take refuge with Thee now.

CALMNESS

All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet
And weary with the way,
We seek Thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.

Oh, welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of Thy love ;
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above.

Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of Thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

S. Longfellow.

160

FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling
love ;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness, from
above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt
and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one ;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides ; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, oh may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still !

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love :

Now make us strong, we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness, from above.

S. Johnson.

161

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat :
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own !

W. Cowper.

162

I AM Thine, O Lord ; I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me ;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

ETERNAL REST

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died :
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessèd
Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine ;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea ;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

F. J. Crosby.

163

WHEN the toil of day is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore !

When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore !

When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,
Light for evermore !

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

When the heart, by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Grant us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore !

When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore !

When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore !

J. Ellerton.

164

UNHEARD the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed ;
And silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.

Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard,
Their music pierces to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.

Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evening's place ;
And silently the earth is rolled
Amidst the vast of space.

In quietude Thy Spirit grows
In man, from hour to hour ;
In calm eternal, onward flows
Thy all-redeeming power.

NEARING HOME

Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep and silent voice ;
To work in stillness, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

S. A. Brooke (Ver. 1 Anon.).

165

O LOVE that casts out fear,
O Love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go ;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

Great Love of God, come in,
Well-spring of heavenly peace ;
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.

H. Bonar.

166

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before ;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea :

Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink!
If it be I am nearer home,
Even to-day than I think.

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

Phoebe Cary.

167

AT first, I prayed for Light:
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength:
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith;
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love:
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark His plan.

THE HEAVENLY GUEST

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere !
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Ednah D. Cheney.

168

THY home is with the humble, Lord !
The simplest are the best :
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts ;
Thou makest there Thy rest.

Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts, and simple ways
I'll build a house for Thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine,
But Thou, my heavenly guest ;
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy rest.

F. W. Faber.

169

I LOOK to Thee in every need
And never look in vain ;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again.
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

S. Longfellow.

170

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine:
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;

NEARER TO THEE

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

R. Palmer.

171

NEARER, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

Sarah Adams.

172

A QUIET heart, submissive, meek,
Father, do Thou bestow,
Which more than granted will not seek
To have, or give, or know.

Each little hill then holds its gift
Forth to my joying eyes ;
Each mighty mountain will uplift
My spirit to the skies.

Lo ! every lily's shining cup,
The hum of hidden bee,
The odours floating mingled up,
With insect revelry,—

All hues, all harmonies divine,
The holy earth about,—
Their souls will send forth into mine
My soul to widen out.

And thus the great earth I shall hold
A perfect gift of Thine ;
Richer by these, a thousand-fold,
Than if broad lands were mine.

G. MacDonald.

173

UNTO Thy temple, Lord, we come
With thankful hearts to worship Thee;
And pray that this may be our home
Until we touch eternity :

The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free, and great, and small,
Large as Thy love for evermore,
And warm and bright and good to all.

And dwell Thou with us in this place,
O Saviour Christ, to guide and bless !
Here make the well-springs of Thy grace
Like fountains in the wilderness.

May Thy whole truth be spoken here ;
Thy Gospel light for ever shine ;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine.

R. Collyer (altered).

174

WE pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign :
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common the divine.

“ Lo, here ! lo, there ! ” no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of Thy presence, Lord,
That seamless covers all.

We turn from seeking Thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of Thy praise.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels Thee ever near!

And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

F. L. Hosmer.

175

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire Divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God ;
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

E. Hatch.

176

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be ;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

CHOOSE THOU FOR ME

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

H. Bonar.

177

O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee ;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee ;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee ;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee :
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

G. Matheson.

178

JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

G. R. Prynne.

179

THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide ;
The King of glory is gone in
Unto his Father's side.

Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And see Thee face to face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies ;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That, while we wander yet below,
Our treasure be in heaven.

That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be :
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Mrs. Alexander.

180

WHAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest ?

What is it ? and whither ? whence ?
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good ?

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

'Tis the soul,—mysterious name :
Him it seeks from whom it came ;
It would, mighty God, like Thee,
Holy, holy, holy be.

Onward, upward to Thy throne,
O Thou Infinite, Unknown !
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in Thee.

W. H. Furness.

181

OUR Father, hear our longing prayer,
And help this prayer to flow,
That humble thoughts, which are Thy care,
May live in us and grow.

For lowly hearts shall understand
The peace, the calm delight
Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,
A pleasure in Thy sight.

Give us humility, that so
Thy reign may come within,
And when Thy children homeward go,
We too may enter in.

Hear us, our Saviour ! ours Thou art,
Though we are not like Thee :
Give us Thy spirit in a heart
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

G. MacDonald.

182

DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, hear !
Thy presence now display !
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray ;

"PEACE, IT IS I"

Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

J. Newton.

183

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night ;
Oars laboured heavily ;
Foam glimmered white ;
Trembled the mariners ;
Peril was high ;
Then said the God of God,
"Peace ! it is I."

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest ;
Wail of the tempest wind,
Be thou at rest.
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
When saith the Light of Light,
"Peace ! it is I."

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me ;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea ;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace ! it is I."

Tr. J. M. Neale.

184

HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast ;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear ;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.

Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise ;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

Lord ! let us in our home agree,
This blessed peace to gain ;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

H. Ware.

185

STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be ;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

THE DIVINE TEACHER

With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind ;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose ;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close.

With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding would I be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

J. D. Burns.

186

NONE teacheth, Lord, like Thee,
None can such truth impart,
Such treasures from Thy word unfold,
Nor so impress the heart.

How blest Thy servants were,
When, with them on their way,
Thou didst commune, and sweetly chase
Their sorrows all away.

So now to us draw near,
And speak to every heart ;
Our light in darkness, joy in grief,
And "All in All," Thou art.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Open to us Thy word,
Thy precious thoughts reveal,
Thy purposes and ways explain,
And teach us all Thy will.

So shall our doubt and fear,
And care and grief subside,
And each enraptured heart exclaim,
O Lord, with us abide!

Anon.

187

WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;

That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;

That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er may outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Anon.

188

GREAT God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky!

Art Thou my Father? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

Art Thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

Art Thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

Mrs. A. Gilbert.

189

OPEN thine eyes, my soul, and see,
Once more the light returns to thee:
Look round about, and choose the way
Thou mean'st to travel o'er to-day.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION

Think on the dangers thou may'st meet,
And always watch thy sliding feet:
Think where thou once hast fall'n before,
And mark the place, and fall no more.

Think on the helps thy God bestows,
And cast to steer thy life by these:
Think on the sweets thy soul did feel
When thou didst well, and do so still.

O my dear Lord, guide Thou my course,
And draw me on with Thy sweet force;
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By Thee my way, to Thee my end.

J. Austin.

190

SPIRIT of Faith! be Thou my guide!
O clasp my hand in Thine,
And never let me quit Thy side;—
Thy comforts are divine.

Pride scorns Thee for Thy lowly mien;
But who like Thee can rise,
Above this toilsome sordid scene,
Beyond the holy skies?

Meek is Thine eye, and soft Thy voice,
But wondrous is Thy might,
To make the wretched soul rejoice,
To give the simple light.

And still to all who seek Thy way
This mystic power is given,
E'en while their footsteps press the clay
Their souls ascend to heaven.

WATCH AND PRAY

Spirit of Faith ! I'll go with Thee,
Thou, if I hold Thee fast,
Wilt guide, defend, and strengthen me,
And bear me home at last.

Anne Brontë.

191

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
"Watch and pray."

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Near thee lurks the evil one ;
"Watch and pray."

Listen to thy sorrowing Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey :
It is He who speaks the word ;
"Watch and pray."

'Twas by watching and by prayer
Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear ;
"Watch and pray."

Watch, for thou thy guard must keep ;
Pray, for God must speed thy way ;
Narrow is the road, and steep ;
"Watch and pray."

Charlotte Elliott.

192

BY Thine inward consecration
Make our hearts Thy temple true ;
Let Thy bright illumination
Search our spirit through and through ;
So shall we, Thy new creation,
Strive to pay Thee worship due.

With Thy eye of love behold us ;
Our affections heavenward raise ;
Into Thine own likeness mould us
On Thy glory while we gaze.
Let Thine altar-fire enfold us
Purifying prayer and praise.

Keep Thy lamp within us burning,
With undimmed and steady ray ;
That indwelling light discerning,
May we ever near Thee stay ;
Often to that shrine returning
Through the toilsome working-day.

Dr. Bourne.

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

193

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart
should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

194

O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

Jesu, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love.

F. E. Cox.

195

O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee ?
 My thirsty spirit faints to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.

Stronger His love than death and hell ;
 Its riches are unsearchable ;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God ;
 Oh that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine :
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.

Oh that I could for ever sit,
 Like Mary, at the Master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice :
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

C. Wesley.

196

L ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

Our broken spirits pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.

May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle.

197

OUR times are in Thy hand ;
O God, we wish them there ;
Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
Entirely to Thy care.

Our times are in Thy hand ;
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

Our times are in Thy hand ;
Why should we doubt or fear ?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

Our times are in Thy hand ;
We'll always trust in Thee,
Till we have left this weary land,
And all Thy glory see.

W. F. Lloyd.

198

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too slight
To bring in prayer to Thee ;
There is no burdening care too light
To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress ;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine ;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

J. Crewdson.

199

OH the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain ; and proudly answered,—
“All of self, and none of Thee !”
“All of self, and none of Thee !”

Yet He found me ; I beheld Him
Bleeding on th' accursèd tree ;
Heard Him pray, “Forgive them, Father !”
And my wistful heart said faintly,—
“Some of self, and some of Thee !”
“Some of self, and some of Thee !”

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full, and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,—
 “Less of self, and more of Thee!”
 “Less of self, and more of Thee!”

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered :
Grant me now my soul's desire,—
 “None of self, and all of Thee!”
 “None of self, and all of Thee!”

T. Monod.

200

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you some other to
 win ;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Ask the Saviour to help you, comfort,
 strengthen, and keep you ;
He is willing to aid you, He'll carry you
 through.

Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'ence, nor take it in vain :
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and
 true,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer, though often
cast down ;

He who is our Saviour our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

H. R. Palmer.

201

IT passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour : yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, its everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour ; yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour ; yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free,
Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.

But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know
The fulness of Thy love, while here below,
My empty vessel I may freely bring :
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

I am an empty vessel—not one thought
Or look of love I ever to Thee brought ;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee,
With this, the empty sinner's only plea :
"Thou lovest me !"

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

Oh, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love !
Lead, lead me to the living fount above ;
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

And when my Jesus face to face I see,
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

Mary Shekleton.

202

LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Clothed with humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child,
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on Thee ;
Every evil let me flee ;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in Thy precious love.

Oh that all may seek and find
Every good in Christ combined ;
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore !

Anon.

203

O H for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe ;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe ;

That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod ;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God ;

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ;

A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up the dying bed.

Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I taste e'en now the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst.

204

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart :
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a little child :
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive :
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care :
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own ;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

J. Newton.

205

BE strong to hope, oh heart !
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, oh heart of mine,
Look towards the light !

Be strong to bear, oh heart !
Nothing is vain :
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain :
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain !

Be strong to love, oh heart !
Love knows not wrong ;
Didst thou love creatures even
Life were not long ;
Didst thou love God in heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong !

A. A. Proctor.

206

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and
sorrow

Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest ;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored and sins to be confessed ;
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet : Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past ; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer
strayed ;

How the Good Shepherd followed, and how
kindly

He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid ;
And healed the bleeding wounds and soothed
the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength
again.

Thou knowest all the present ; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,

Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear ;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future ; gleams of gladness,
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,

Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,

And the dark river to be crossed at last ;
Oh what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path ? but this, Thou knowest,
Lord.

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing ;
As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast
proved
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing.
O Saviour, Thou hast wept and Thou hast
loved ;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet ;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete ;
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

Jane Borthwick.

207

O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within ;
Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.

O may we gaze upon Thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light.

Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

MORE LOVE

There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee ;
And in a fairer, happier home
Thy perfect beauty see.

W. H. Bathurst.

208

MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee !
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee ;
This is my earnest plea,
"More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !"

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best ;
This all my prayer shall be,
"More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !"

Let sorrow do its work ;
Send grief and pain ;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
"More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !"

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise ;

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

This still its prayer shall be,
"More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!"

Elizabeth Prentiss.

209

THOUGH we long, in sin-wrought blindness,
From Thy holy ways have strayed,
Cold to Thee, and to Thy kindness,
Wilful, reckless, or afraid ;
Through dim clouds that gather round us
Thou hast sought, and Thou hast found us.

Oft from Thee we veil our faces,
Children-like, to cheat Thine eyes ;
Sin, and hope to hide the traces ;
From ourselves, ourselves disguise ;
'Neath the webs we've woven round us
Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

Sudden, midst our idle chorus,
O'er our sin Thy thunders roll ;
Death his signal waves before us,
Night and terror take the soul ;
Till through double darkness round us
Looks a star,—and Thou hast found us.

O most merciful, most holy,
Light Thy wanderers on their way ;
Keep us ever Thine, Thine wholly,
Suffer us no more to stray !
Cloud and storm oft gather round us :
We were lost,—but Thou hast found us.

F. T. Palgrave.

210

HAPPY soul, that free from harms
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?

Like a long-forgotten child
I have wandered on the wild;
Lost myself in vain desires,
Torn with thorns, and burned with fires.

Lonely with the self I hate,
By my will made desolate,
Sick of sin, out-wearied, cold—
I would rest within Thy fold.

Father, seek Thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on Thee my every care;
Bear me, on Thy bosom bear.

Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in Thee rejoice;
More and more of Thee receive;
Ever in Thy Spirit live:—

Live till all the love I know
I can find in Thee below;
Till I hear Thy gracious voice,
"Come up higher, and rejoice."

Then from sin and death set free,
Shepherded, O Lord, by Thee,
I shall join the flock above,
Where the fold is perfect love.

C. Wesley and S. A. Brooke.

211

THIS life is but a school time,
 In which we learn to love
 The friends we see around us,
 The unseen God above.

Some learn by active service,
 Others in grief and pain ;
 Some seem to reap in gladness,
 The rest to toil in vain.

The one thing is to study
 To seek our Lord in all ;
 His great love to remember,
 Whatever may befall.

We know the blessed story
 Of how He came to save,
 And lived as man amongst us,
 From childhood to the grave.

And earth has now her tokens
 That He has touched with light—
 Memorials of His kindness
 Are ever in our sight.

The voice of sighs and weeping,
 The bier where lies the dead,
 All speak to us of Jesus—
 Of words that He has said.

And pain and weakness make Him
 Nearer and dearer seem,
 Till life becomes a story
 Of which He is the theme.

Anon.

212

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,
 'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
 That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath the noise of tempests dieth,
 And silver waves chime ever peacefully ;
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
 Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest !
 There is a temple, sacred evermore ;
 And all the Babel of life's angry voices
 Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far far away the roar of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully ;
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
 Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

213

OH deem not they are blest alone
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
 The Power who pities man has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears,
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 With promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest,
 For every dark and troubled night ;
 And grief may bide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

For God has marked each sorrowing hour,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of love and power
Grows out of all we suffer here.

W. C. Bryant.

214

MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
Thy will be done.

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

Charlotte Elliott.

215

THERE is a holy sacrifice
Which God in heaven will not despise,
Yea, which is precious in His eyes,—
The contrite heart.

That lofty One, before whose throne
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own,—
The contrite heart.

The Holy One, the Son of God,
His pardoning love will shed abroad,
And consecrate as His abode
The contrite heart.

The Holy Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest cry,
And cheer and bless and purify
The contrite heart.

Saviour, I cast my hopes on Thee ;
Such as Thou art, I fain would be ;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
The contrite heart.
J. Montgomery.

216

STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark
and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening
rod ;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and
weary,
Still will we trust in God.

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and
pain ;
Through Him alone, who hath our way
appointed,
We find our peace again.

Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat us of good Thou hast for us designed ;
Choose for us God ; Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the
loss ;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

W. H. Burleigh.

217

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me :

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within :

THE DIVINE PATTERN

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

C. Wesley.

218

SHOW pity, Lord,
For we are frail and faint ;
We fade away,
Oh list to our complaint !
We fade away
Like flowers in the sun ;
We just begin,
And then our work is done.

Show pity, Lord :
Our souls are sore distressed ;
As troubled seas
Our natures have no rest ;
As troubled seas
That, surging, beat the shore,
We throb and heave
Ever and evermore.

Show pity, Lord :
Our grief is in our sin ;
We would be cleansed ;
Oh make us pure within !

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

We would be cleansed ;
For this we cry to Thee ;
Thy word of love
Can make the conscience free.

Show pity, Lord :
Inspire our hearts with love,—
That holy love
Which draws the soul above ;
That holy love
Which makes us one with Thee,
And with Thy saints,
Through all eternity.

D. Thomas.

219

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain,—
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

My bark is wafted to the strand,
By breath divine,—
And on the helm there rests a Hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

LOVE DIVINE

He holds me when the billows smite,—
I shall not fall :
If sharp, 'tis short,—if long, 'tis light,—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land !
The end is this ;—
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

H. Alford.

220

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down !
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art :
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart !

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest !
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be :
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive !
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave !

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

Thee we would be always blessing,
Praise Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Serve and worship without ceasing ;
Glory in Thy precious love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation ;
Pure and spotless may we be ;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee !
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley.

221

THY way is in the deep, O Lord !
E'en there we'll go with Thee :
We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
And walk upon the sea !

Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so ?—
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go !

A moment may His hand be lost,—
Drear moment of delay !
We cry, "Lord ! help the tempest-tost,"—
And safe we're borne away.

The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care ;
But comes Himself where'er He hears
The voice of loving prayer.

ALL AS GOD WILLS

O happy soul of faith divine !
Thy victory how sure !
The love that kindles joy is thine,—
The patience to endure.

Come, Lord of peace ! our griefs dispel ;
And wipe our tears away :
'Tis Thine to order all things well,
And ours to bless the sway.

J. Martineau.

222

ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back ;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm ;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

J. G. Whittier.

223

ALL before us lies the way;
Give the past unto the wind.
All before us is the day;
Night and darkness are behind.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions deep and kind,
In the life that has no care
The true Eden shall we find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Up springs Paradise around.

From this spirit-land, afar,
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

Eliza T. Clapp.

224

LIGHT after darkness, gain after loss;
Strength after weakness, crown after cross;
Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,
Home after wandering, praise after tears.

REPENTANCE

Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,
Sight after mystery, peace after pain ;
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
Rest after weariness, sweet rest at last.

Near after distant, gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness, life after tomb ;
After long agony, rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway leading to this.

Frances R. Havergal.

225

BECAUSE I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark,
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on,
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee,
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I chose the thorns and pined for
flowers,
And pressed the sword-points down upon my
heart,
And moaned that they did hurt me like a child,
O Lord, I do repent.

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

Because I struck at others in my pain,
Like some wild beast that wounded turns at bay
And rends the innocent earth he stands upon,
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust mine impious hand across Thy
threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life,
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I called good evil, evil good,
And thought I, ignorant, knew many things,
And deemed my weight of folly weight of wit,
O Lord, I do repent.

Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me as a mother calls her child,
O Lord, I do repent.

Sarah Williams.

226

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

JUST AS I AM

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

227

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us,
All must be well.

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well;
Happy, still in God confiding,
Faithful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

RESIGNATION AND DISCIPLINE

We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

Bowley.

228

TAKE Thou my hand, and lead me—
Choose Thou my way!
"Not as I will," O Father,
Teach me to say.
What though the storms may gather!—
Thou knowest best;
Safe in Thy holy keeping,
There would I rest.

Take Thou my hand, and lead me—
Lord, I am Thine!
Fill with Thy holy Spirit
This heart of mine:
Then in the hour of trial
Strong shall I be—
Ready to do, or suffer,
Dear Lord, for Thee.

Take Thou my hand, and lead me,
Lord, as I go;
Into Thy perfect image
Help me to grow.
Still in Thine own pavilion
Shelter Thou me;
Keep me, O Father, keep me,
Close, close to Thee!

Julia Sterling.

229

TEACH me, my God, my King,
In all things Thee to see ;
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend :
In all I do, be Thou the way,—
In all, be Thou the end.

All may of Thee partake :
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

If done beneath Thy laws
E'en servile labours shine ;
Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

G. Herbert.

230

WHEN my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to Thee,
Garden of Gethsemane ;

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades ;
See that suffering, friendless One,
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary ! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe.

There behold His agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree ;
See His anguish, see His faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

J. R. Wreford.

231

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain ;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last :

THE CANOPY OF LOVE

And, ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more—they only miss
The winning of that final bliss.

Who will not count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

R. C. Trench.

232

DARK is the sky that overhangs my soul,
The mists are thick that through the valley
roll,

But as I tread, I cheer my heart and say,
When the day breaks, the shadows flee away.

I bear the lamp my Master gave to me,
Burning and shining must it ever be,
And I must tend it till the night decay,—
Till the day break, and shadows flee away.

God maketh all things good unto His own,
For thee in every darkness light is sown ;
He will make good the gloom of this my day ;
Till that day break, and shadows flee away.

He will be near me in that awful hour,
When the last foe shall come in blackest power ;
And He will hear me when at last I pray,—
Let the day break, the shadows flee away.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

In Him, my God, my Glory, I will trust :
Awake and sing, O dweller in the dust !
Who shall come, will come and will not delay,—
His day will break, those shadows flee away.

S. J. Stone.

233

ALL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side ;
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown ;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown ;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

Anon.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

234

GOD bless our native land,
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore ;
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.

THE FIRES OF GOD

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle :
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

And not this land alone,
But by Thy mercies known
From shore to shore,
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er.

J. S. Dwight.

235

WHAT, what is tried in the fires of God ?
And what are the fires that try ?
All, all is tried in the fires of God,
And many the fires that try.

And what is burned in the fires of God ?
All but the fine, pure gold ;
The treasures we offer for praise and pride,
Or for pride and self withhold.

And when will the fires of God be lit ?
They are burning every day ;
They are trying us all, within and without,
The gold and the potter's clay.

No smallest seed of the lowliest deed
Of faith and hope and love,
The precious things that abide earth's fires,
And for ever abide above.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Yes ! naught is lost in the fires of God
That is not waste or dross,—
That we would not choose, could we see, to lose,
And say, this was gain, not loss !

Elizabeth Charles.

236

SPEAK gently : it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently : let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the agèd one,
Grieve not the careworn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently : it is like the Lord,
Whose accents meek and mild
Proclaimed Him as the Son of God,
The gracious, holy Child.

G. W. Hangford.

237

WHO is thy neighbour ? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless ;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

FELLOWSHIP

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim :
Oh, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup,
When sorrow drowns the brim :
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? Pass no mourner by ;
Perhaps Thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery :
Go share thy lot with him.

W. B. O. Peabody.

238

FATHER of men, in whom are one
All humankind beneath Thy sun,
Stablish our work in Thee begun.

Except the house be built by Thee,
In vain the builder's toil must be ;
Oh strengthen our infirmity !

Man lives not for himself alone,
In others' good he finds his own ;
Life's worth in fellowship is known.

We, friends and comrades on life's way,
Gather within these walls to pray :
Bless our true fellowship to-day.

Guide us to seek the things above,
The base to shun, the pure approve,
To live by Thy free law of love.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

In all our work, in all our play,
Be with us, Lord, our Friend, our Stay :
Lead onward to the perfect day!

Then may we know, earth's lesson o'er,
With comrades missed or gone before,
"Heaven's fellowship for evermore."

H. C. Shuttleworth.

239

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal ;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way!
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

* * * * *

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time :

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

LABOUR AND WAIT

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

240

THOU must be true thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach ;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach :
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

H. Bonar.

241

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night ;
There's a star to guide the humble :
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Though the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely—strong or weary :
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight,
But in every word and action
"Trust in God, and do the right."

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee :
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion,—
Fiends can look like angels bright ;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

N. Macleod.

242

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

WAPT HIS STORY

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinner's slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. Heber.

243

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all ;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands ;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be ;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me !"

D. March.

244

CHRIST hath a garden walled around,
A Paradise of fruitful ground,
Chosen by love and fenced by grace
From out the world's wide wilderness.

DEEDS NOT WORDS

Like trees of spice His servants stand,
There planted by His mighty hand,
By Eden's gracious streams that flow,
To feed their beauty where they grow.

Awake, O wind of heav'n, and bear,
Their sweetest perfume thro' the air;
Stir up, O south, the boughs that bloom,
Till the belovèd Master come :

That He may come and linger yet
Among the trees that He hath set ;
That He may evermore be seen
To walk amid the springing green.

I. Watts, alt. by R. B.

245

WE faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray,
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

To do Thy will 'is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self Thy service hath,
No place for me and mine ;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from Thine.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done,
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

J. G. Whittier.

246

IS thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with another;
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner
Scattered fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag heavily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.

THE GROWTH OF LOVE

Art thou stricken in life's battle?

Many wounded round thee moan ;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty?

None but God its void can fill ;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain
Can its ceaseless longing still.

Is thy heart a living power?

Self-entwined its strength sinks low ;
It can only live by loving,
And by serving love will grow.

Elizabeth Charles.

247

THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do,—
In faith and trust to follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.

Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love ;
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.

Our lives, enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds, may be
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed ;
In God's dear sight high work we do
If we but do our best.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright ;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

W. Gaskell.

248

FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue ;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect Will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day ;

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heav'n.

C. Wesley.

249

THE toil of brain, or heart, or hand,
Is man's appointed lot ;
He who God's call can understand
Will work and murmur not.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS

O God, who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,
As best it pleaseth Thee.

Where'er Thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask ;
And what Thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.

Our skill of hand and strength of limb
Are not our own, but Thine ;
We link them to the work of Him
Whose life was all divine.

Our Brother-friend, Thy holy Son,
Shared in man's lot and strife ;
And nobly will our work be done,
If moulded by His life.

F. W. Freckelton.

250

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise !
Gird you with your armour bright ;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky ;
Let it float there wide unfurl'd ;
Bear it onward ; lift it high.

'Mid the homes of want and woe
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless ; seek the stray'd ;
Comfort troubles, banish grief ;
In the might of God array'd,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurl'd,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

C. Wesley.

251

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be :
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive.
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

THE SECRET OF THE LORD

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be ;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How.

252

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free ;
Tell me Thy secret : help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love ;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience : still with Thee
In closer, dearer company ;
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

W. Gladden.

253

OFt in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life!

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song!

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength if great your need.

Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

H. Kirke White.

254

O HAPPY band of pilgrims!
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your fellow,
To Jesus as your head.

Oh happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
Oh happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

THE ROYAL MASTER

The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn ;

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure ;

What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?

O happy band of pilgrims !
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

J. M. Neale.

255

ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as to
war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle see His banners go.

CHORUS :

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before !

At the name of Jesus, Satan's host doth flee !
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory !
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices, loud your anthems
raise.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God,
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have
trod ;

We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise
and wane,

But the Church of Jesus constant will remain :
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church pre-
vail ;

We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot
fail.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng ;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph
song :

Glory, praise, and honour unto Christ the King ;
This through countless ages men and angels
sing.

S. Baring-Gould.

256

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,

While the days are going by ;

There are weary souls who perish,

While the days are going by :

If a smile we can renew,

As our journey we pursue,

Oh, the good we all may do,

While the days are going by.

CHORUS :

Going by ! going by !

Going by ! going by !

Oh, the good we all may do,

While the days are going by !

CONSECRATION

There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by ;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by :
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes ;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by !

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by ;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by :
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by !

G. Cooper.

257

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold :
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine :
Take my heart : it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love : my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store :
Take myself ; and I will be
Ever, only, ALL for Thee.

F. R. Havergal.

258

WHATSOEVER be the seed,
Thought or feeling, word or deed,
Buried howsoever deep,
What we sow that shall we reap.

Every day and every hour,
'Mid the sunshine, 'mid the shower,
We are planting what must grow,
Yield it joy, or yield it woe.

In the past, full many a root
Have we laid for bitter fruit,
Sad regrets, and thoughts of gloom,
Ripening for the day of doom.

In the future may we sow
Only what to joy will grow,
Seeds of Trust and Holiness,
Evermore our souls to bless !

W. Gaskell.

259

GO, labour on, spend and be spent,—
 Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
 It is the way the Master went ;
 Should not the servant tread it still ?

Go, labour on—'tis not for naught ;
 Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
 The Master praises—what are men ?

Go, labour on ; enough, while here,
 If He shall praise thee, if He deign
 Thy willing heart to mark and cheer :
 No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice !—
 For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 The midnight peal : " Behold, I come ! "

H. Bonar.

260

STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Ye soldiers of the cross ;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss :
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 The trumpet-call obey :
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day :

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes ;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you ;
Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the Gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally. *G. Duffield.*

261

WORK, for the night is coming !
Work, through the morning hours :
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flowers :
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work for the night is coming !
Work, through the sunny noon :
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.

THE LORD, OUR MAKER

Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies !
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more :
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Annie L. Coghill.

262

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too ?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief ?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share ?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled ?

* * * * *

He doth give His joy to all :
He becomes an Infant small,
He becomes a Man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by ;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Oh ! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy :
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

W. Blake.

263

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See ! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

I. Watts.

264

NOT always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be ;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here,
We cry, the heavenly Presence near ;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies.

THE PATH OF LIFE

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways ;

Till all the lowly vale grows bright
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision,—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

F. L. Hosmer.

265

TEACH me to live ! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the glorious realms of day.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life ;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live Thy purpose to fulfil,
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine ;
Each day renew, remould the stubborn will,
Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live ! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Teach me to live—my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load,
Only be with me ; let me feel Thee near,
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkened road.

Teach me to live and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things away,
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on, and gain new strength and power
each day.

Ellen E. Burman.

266

L ORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To live and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad ?
Bright shines the perfect day.

Come, Lord, when Thou hast made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be ?

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that God knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

R. Baxter.

267

DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
 But train me for Thy will ;
 For even I, in fields so broad,
 Some duties may fulfil,
 And I will ask for no reward,
 Except to serve Thee still.

All works are good, and each is best
 As most it pleases Thee ;
 Each worker pleases when the rest
 He serves in charity ;
 And neither man nor work unblest
 Wilt Thou permit to be.

Our Master all the work has done
 He asks of us to-day ;
 Sharing the service, every one
 Share too His Sonship may.
 Lord, I would serve and be a son—
 Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. Lynch.

268

GO forth to life, O child of earth !
 Still mindful of thy heavenly birth :
 Thou art not here for ease or sin,
 But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
 Thy spirit can their flames control ;
 Though tempters strong beset thy way,
 Thy spirit is more strong than they.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth ;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God Himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth !
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
For noble service thou art here ;
Thy brother's help, thy God revere !

S. Longfellow.

269

HE liveth long who liveth well !
All other life is short and vain ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being : back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give ;
Else is that being but a dream ;
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Be what thou seemest : live thy creed ;
Hold up to earth the torch divine ;
Be what thou prayest to be made ;
Let the great Master's step be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last ;
Buy up the moments as they go ;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

THE HEAVENLY HARVEST

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

H. Bonar.

270

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord !
Now to Thy saints appear !
Oh, speak with power to every soul,
And let Thy people hear !
Revive Thy work, O Lord ! . . .
While here to Thee we bow ; . . .
Descend, O gracious Lord, descend !
Oh come, and bless us now !

Revive Thy work, O Lord !
Exalt Thy precious name !
And may Thy love in every heart
Be kindled to a flame !

Revive Thy work, O Lord !
And bless to all Thy word !
And may its pure and sacred truth
In living faith be heard !

Revive Thy work, O Lord !
Give pentecostal showers !
Be Thine the glory, Thine alone !
The blessing, Lord, be ours !

A. Midlane.

271

SAVIOUR ! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey :
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

With a child-like heart of love
At Thy bidding may I move ;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace ;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy ;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe ;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

J. E. Leeson.

272

OUR heaven is everywhere,
If we but love the Lord,
Unswerving tread the narrow way,
And ever shun the broad.—

'Tis where the trusting heart
Bows meekly to its grief,
Still looking up with earnest faith,
For comfort and relief.

Wherever truth abides,
Sweet peace is ever there ;
If we but love and serve the Lord
Our heaven is everywhere.

Anon.

THE PRECIOUS SEED

273

SOW with a generous hand ;
Pause not for toil or pain ;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain ;
But wait till the Autumn comes,
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,
A table will be spread ;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread :
Sow, while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed !

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day,
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or, if you shall have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

A. A. Proctor.

274

KIND words can never die ;
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast ;

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
And in all years and climes
Distant and near.
Kind words can never die ;
No, never die.

Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours ;
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue
They bloom again.
Sweet thoughts can never die ;
No, never die.

Our souls can never die ;
Though in the tomb
Our mortal bodies lie,
Wrapt in its gloom.
E'en though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day
With God above.
Our souls can never die ;
No, never die.

Abby Hutchinson.

275

TO the work ! to the work ! we are servants of
God ;
Let us follow the path that our Master has
trod :

WATCH AND WORK

With the balm of His counsel our strength to
renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find
to do.

Toiling on ! . . Toiling on ! . .
Toiling on ! . . Toiling on ! . .
Let us hope, . . Let us watch, . .
And labour till the Master comes.

To the work ! to the work ! let the hungry be
fed,
To the Fountain of Life let the weary be led :
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, "*Salvation is free!*"

To the work ! to the work ! there is labour for
all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall :
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus, "*Salvation is free!*"

To the work ! to the work ! in the strength of
the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labour reward ;
When the home of the faithful our dwelling
shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed, "*Salvation is
free!*"

F. J. Crosby.

276

NOW in life's breezy morning,
Here on life's sunny shore,
To all the powers of falsehood
We vow eternal war ;

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Eternal hate to falsehood,
And then, as needs must be,
O Truth, O lady peerless,
Eternal love to thee.

All fair things that seem true things
Our hearts shall aye receive,
Not over quick to seize them,
Nor over loth to leave.

Not over loth or hasty,
To leave them or to seize,
Not eager still to wander,
Nor clinging still to ease.

But one vow links us ever
That whatso'er shall be,
Nor life nor death shall sever
Our souls, O Truth, from thee !

E. Myers.

277

SOW in the morn Thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

A LITTLE WHILE

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.

Hence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, Harvest-home !

J. Montgomery.

278

O FOR the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile !
O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for
ever"

Amid the shadows of earth's "little while !"

"A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, and wrestle with the strong ;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-
song.

"A little while" the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed ;
Then the parched lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

"A little while" to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to
trim ;
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps
hailing,
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

Jane Crewdson.

279

THESE things shall be! a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

J. A. Symonds.

280

TIME was I shrank from what was right,
Through fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

HIS PRECEPT

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside ;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim of Heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best ;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope, and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led ;
Men count my haltings o'er ;—
I know them ; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

J. H. Newman.

281

SO here hath been dawning
Another blue day ;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born ;
Into eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did ;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day ;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Thomas Carlyle.

282

WORKMAN of God, oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And, in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways ;
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul,
Muse, and take better heart ;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

For Right is Right, since God is God,
And Right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. Faber.

283

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armour on ;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son !

CROSS AND CROWN

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God!

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day!

C. Wesley.

284

ONWARD! upward! Christian soldier!
Turn not back, nor sheath thy sword;
Let its blade be sharp for conquest,
In the battle for the Lord.

From the great white throne eternal
God Himself is looking down:
He it is who now commands thee—
Take the cross and win the crown.

Onward! upward! doing, daring
All for Him who died for thee;
Face the foe, and meet with boldness
Danger, whatsoe'er it be.

From the battlements of glory
Holy ones are looking down ;
Thou canst almost hear them shouting :
"On ! let no one take thy crown."

Onward ! till thy course is finished,
Like the ransomed ones before ;
Keep the faith through persecution,
Never give the battle o'er.

Onward ! upward ! till, victorious,
Thou shalt lay thine armour down,
And thy loving Saviour bids thee
At His hand receive thy crown.

F. J. Crosby.

285

TIME is earnest, passing by ;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh :
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be ?
Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest, when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest never more :
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be ?

Christ is earnest, bids thee "come,"
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum :
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love
Pleading with thee from above ?

Anon.

COME, labour on :
 Who dares stand idle on the har-
 vest plain,
 While all around him waves the golden grain ?
 And to each servant does the Master say,
 "Go work to day."

Come, labour on :
 Claim the high calling angels cannot share ;
 To young and old the joyful tidings bear ;
 Redeem the time ; its hours too swiftly fly,
 The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on :
 Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear !
 No arm so weak but may do service here ;
 By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
 His righteous will.

Come, labour on :
 No time for rest till glows the western sky,
 While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
 And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
 "Servants, well done !"

Come, labour on :
 The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure ;
 Blessèd are those who to the end endure ;
 How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be
 O Lord, with Thee !

Jane L. Borthwick.

287

O HAPPY home, where Thou art loved and
dearest,
Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honoured
place !

O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith, and blessed hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun !

O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of
heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than
mother's care !

O happy home, where each one serves Thee,
lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee !

O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free,
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee.

Until at last, when earth's day's work is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessed home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast
ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love !

C. J. P. Spitta, tr. Sarah L. Findlater.

288

A FITLY spoken word,
It hath mysterious powers ;
Its far-off echoes shall be heard
Ringing through future hours.

An honest, truthful word,
It has a tongue of flame ;
On wings of wind it flies abroad,
And wins a heavenly fame.

A gentle, gracious word,
'Tis music in the heart ;
Thrilling its very inmost cord,
Till tears unbidden start.

Speak thou, then, lovingly,
Out of a Christ-like soul ;
Thy words a blessèd balm shall be,
To make the sin-sick whole.

Speak, for the love of God—
Speak, for the love of man ;
The words of truth love sends abroad,
Shall never be in vain.

G. B. Bubier.

289

SIMPLY trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way ;
Even when my faith is small ;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHORUS :

Trusting as the moments fly ;
Trusting as the days go by ;
Trusting Him, whate'er befall ;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine ;
While He leads I cannot fall ;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Singing, if my way be clear ;
Praying, if the path be drear ;
If in danger, for Him call ;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting Him while life shall last ;
Trusting Him till earth be past,
Till within the jasper wall ;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Page.

290

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee ;
Do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade as others reach thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do, to bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. Proctor.

291

FORWARD ! be our watchword,
Steps and voices join'd ;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind ;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head ;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led ?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight ;
Jordan flows before us,
Sion beams with light.

Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind ;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind ;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace ;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height ;
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day :
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night ;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared ;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard ;
Nor of these hath utter'd
Thought or speech a word ;
Forward, marching eastward,
Where the Heav'n is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth ;
That fair home is ours :
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold ;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.

THE SONG OF TRIUMPH

Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might ;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

Into God's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness ;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone,
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone :
Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the Throne of light.

Nought that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone ;
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none ;
All the Saints, that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token,
Stars amidst the night,
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

To the Eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise ;
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise ;

To the Lord of glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and Angels
Endless honours done :
Weak are earthly praises :
Dull the songs of night ;
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light !

H. Alford.

292

WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light, and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away :
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light !

B. Barton

293

SING to the little children,
And they will listen well ;
Sing grand and holy music,
For they can feel its spell.

Sing at the cottage bedside—
They have no music there ;
And the voice of praise is silent
After the voice of prayer.

Sing of the gentle Saviour
In the simplest hymns you know,
And the pain-dimmed eye will brighten,
As the soothing verses flow.

When you long to bear the message
Home to some troubled breast,
Then sing with loving fervour,
“Come unto Me, and rest.”

Sing when His mighty mercies
And marvellous love you feel,
And the deep joy of gratitude
Springs freshly as you kneel.

Sing on in grateful gladness !
Rejoice in this good thing
Which the Lord thy God hath given thee :
The happy power to sing.

Anon.

294

LIFE is onward—use it
 With a forward aim :
 Toil is heavenly—choose it,
 And its warfare claim.
 Look not to another
 To perform your will,
 Let not your own brother
 Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward—never
 Dwell upon the past,
 It would hold you ever
 In its clutches fast.
 Now is your dominion—
 Wear it as you please,
 Bind not the soul's pinion
 To a bed of ease.

Life is onward—try it
 Ere the day is lost ;
 It hath virtue—try it
 At whatever cost.
 Hope and joy together,
 Standing at the goal,
 Through life's darkest weather,
 Beckon on the soul.

Anon.

295

WHAT Thou wilt, O father, give !
 All is gain that I receive ;
 Let the lowliest task be mine,
 Grateful so the work be Thine.
 Let me find the humblest place
 In the shadow of Thy grace ;
 Let me find in Thine employ,
 Peace that dearer is than joy.

THE NATURAL HABITUDE

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on ;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

Make my mortal dreams come true,
With the work I fain would do :
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant.

Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated ;
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

J. G. Whittier.

296

“ **W**ITHOUT haste and without rest” ;
Bind the motto to thy breast,
Bear it with thee as a spell ;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well ;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom ;
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not : let no thoughtless deed
Mar the spirit's steady speed ;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might ;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done !

Rest not : life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die ;
Something worthy and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time ;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

Haste not—rest not ; calm in strife,
Meekly bear the storms of life ;
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right, whate'er betide ;
Haste not—rest not : conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last !

Suggested by lines from Goethe.

297

THE sower went forth sowing,
The seed in secret slept
Through weeks of faith and patience,
Till out the green blade crept ;
And warm'd by golden sunshine,
And fed by silver rain,
At last the fields were whiten'd
To harvest once again.
O praise the heavenly Sower,
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watch'd and water'd duly,
And ripen'd for our need.

Behold ! the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The Word of sure Salvation,
With Feet and Hands that bleed ;
Here in His Church 'tis scatter'd
Our spirits are the soil ;
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.
Oh, beauteous is the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

THE SOWER

Within a hallow'd acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain ;
For though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise ;
Yea, even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.
O summer land of harvest,
O fields for ever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light !

One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own ;
And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.
O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou putttest in Thy sickle,
And cast us not away.

W. St. Hill Bourne.

298

O BEAUTIFUL, my country !
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair :

Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor ;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair freedom's open door.
For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed ;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid ;
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine ;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.
O beautiful, my country !
Round thee in love we draw ;
Thine be the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem ;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem !

F. L. Hosmer.

299

OFt when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task
Involving care and strife ;
Is this the boon for which we sought ?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought ?
This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems :
We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams ;
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

LIFE'S CHOICE

We toil as in a field,
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
Which may be all our own :
And shall we of the toil complain
That speedily will bring such gain ?

We dig the wells of life,
And God the water gives ;
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives ;
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

T. T. Lynch.

300

ONCE to every man and nation comes the
moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the
good or evil side ;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering
each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the
sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that
darkness and that light.

* * * * *

Then to side with Truth is noble, when we
share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis
prosperous to be just ;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the
coward stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is
crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith
they had denied.

* * * * *

New occasions teach new duties : Time makes
ancient good uncouth ;
They must upward still and onward, who would
keep abreast with Truth ;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! we our-
selves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through
the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's
blood-rusted key.

J. R. Lowell.

301

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

GOD'S GREATNESS

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

J. Milton.

302

AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee :
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

For Thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright ;
And round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine ;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine !

O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are ;

For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

DISCIPLESHIP AND SERVICE

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

W. Bright.

303

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

TALENTS

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal.

304

GOD intrusts to all,
Talents few and many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.
Though the great and wise
Have a greater number;
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given?
Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers,
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.
God intrusts to all,
Talents few and many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.

J. Edmeston.

305

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly Word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame :
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

Christ shall the banquet spread,
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heav'n and earth adore,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

P. Doddridge.

306

SOWING the seed by the dawn-light fair,
Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night ;
Oh ! what shall the harvest be ?
Oh ! what shall the harvest be ?

CHORUS :

Sown ... in the dark ... ness, or sown ... in the light,
Sown ... in our weak ... ness, or sown ... in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah ! sure, will the harvest be !

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil :
Oh ! what shall the harvest be ?

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the teardrops start,
Sowing in hope, till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home ;
Oh ! what shall the harvest be ?

E. S. Oakey.

PRAISE

307

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies ;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

PRAISE

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

F. S. Pierpoint.

308

THERE is beauty all around,
When there's love at home ;
There is joy at every sound,
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

CHORUS :

Love at home, love at home,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home ;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

CHORUS :

Love at home, love at home,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home ;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky ;

PRAISE

Oh, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

CHORUS:

Love at home, love at home,
Oh, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

Jesus, make me wholly Thine,
Then there's love at home,
May Thy sacrifice be mine,
Then there's love at home.
Safely from all harm I'll rest,
With no sinful care distressed,
Thro' Thy tender mercy blessed,
With Thy love at home.

CHORUS :

Love at home, love at home,
Thro' Thy tender mercy blessed,
With Thy love at home.

Anon.

309

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

CLEAR SHINING

Two worlds are ours ; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

J. Keble.

310

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say—
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may :

It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too :

PRAISE

Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And He, who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear ;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. Cowper.

311

WITH happy voices ringing,
Thy children, Lord, appear ;
Their joyous praises bringing
In anthems sweet and clear.
For skies of golden splendour,
For azure rolling sea,
For blossoms sweet and tender,
O Lord, we worship thee.

What though no eye beholds thee,
No hand thy hand may feel,
Thy universe unfolds thee,
Thy starry heavens reveal.
The earth and all its glory,
Our homes and all we love,
Tell forth the wondrous story
Of One who reigns above.

MAGNIFY THE LORD

And shall we not adore thee
With more than joyous song,
Nor live in truth before thee
All beautiful and strong.
Lord, bless our souls' endeavour
Thy servants true to be,
And through all life, for ever,
To live our praise to thee.

W. G. Tarrant.

312

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet He in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heaven of God is there.

His presence there is spread abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seeks the mercies of his God
Is ever near His throne.

W. Drennan.

313

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name !
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

PRAISE

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just!
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blessed are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear!
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

Tate and Brady.

314

HAPPY are they, they that love God,
Whose hearts have Christ confest,
Who by His cross have found their life,
And 'neath His yoke their rest.

Glad is the praise, sweet are the songs,
When they together sing;
And strong the prayers, that bow the ear,
Of heav'n's eternal King.

Christ to their homes giveth His peace,
And makes their loves His own,
But ah! what tares the evil one
Hath in His garden sown.

Sad were our lot, evil this earth,
Did not its sorrow prove
The path whereby the sheep may find
The fold of Jesu's love.

THE UNIVERSAL SONG

Then shall they know, they that love Him,
How all their pain is good ;
And death itself cannot unbind
Their happy brotherhood.

After Latin of Coffin.

315

O WORSHIP the King
All-glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour,
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old ;
Hath stablish'd it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

PRAISE

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While Angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransom'd creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise.

Sir R. Grant.

316

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;

BLESS THE LORD

Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

M. Rinckart, tr. C. Winkworth.

317

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice :
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify ?

PRAISE

Oh for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

J. Montgomery.

318

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

THE DIVINE GIVER

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

J. Addison.

319

L ORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
That our happy lifetime gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives.

Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above,
Human tears and human laughter,
And the depth of human love.

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free ;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee.

Teach us so our days to number
That we may be lowly, wise ;
Dreamy mist or cloud of slumber
Never dull our heavenward eyes !

Hearty be our work and willing,
As to Thee and not to men ;
For we know our soul's fulfilling
Is in heaven,—not till then.

T. W. Jex-Blake.

320

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto,
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe.

321

FOR common gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
The hearing ear, the eye to see,
Beauty for ever round us poured
In sweet and varied ministry.

We bless Thee for the wholesome air,
For showers that fall and suns that warm,
For darkness, and the truce to care
Sleep brings with many a soothing charm.

For gentle courtesies of life,
For dear communion, friend with friend,
Those hours with sacred meaning rife
When love looks to no earthly end.

THE MERCY OF THE LORD

We yield Thee praise for sovereign power
That steadies us o'er gulfs of pain ;
Shall we forget Thee in the hour
That leads us back to Thee again ?

Let not our gratitude delay
Till good withheld constrains the prayer ;
Give clearer vision, that we may
Hold common blessings as if rare.

C. M. Packwood.

322

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name
Whose favours are divine.

O bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

'Tis He forgives thy sins ;
'Tis He relieves thy pain :
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sov'reign power to save.

He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress.

PRAISE

His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

I. Watts.

323

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be :
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare ;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all !

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all !

Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all ?

C. Wordsworth.

324

O THOU ! who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,
We follow Thee through unknown paths,
Since all to Thee must tend :
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom-line ;
Our wisdom is the child-like heart ;
Our strength, to trust in Thine.

We bless Thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath,
For hopes that blossom here below
And wither not with death ;
But most we bless Thee for Thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose day-spring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

Be Thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed ;
Be Thou by day our strength for toil,
And Thou by night our rest.
And when these earthly dwellings fail,
And Time's last hour is come,
Be Thou, O God, our dwelling-place
And our eternal home !

F. L. Hosmer.

325

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

PRAISE

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day :
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with His eye :
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

I. Watts.

326

MY God, I thank Thee Who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light :
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound :
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round :
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

HARK! HARK MY SOUL

I thank Thee Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store :
I have enough, yet not too much
To long for more :
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank Thee Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

A. A. Proctor.

327

HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are
swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-
beat shore :
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are
telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
come :"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
 Thee.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and
 dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome night be
 past ;
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come
 at last.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of
 weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless
 love.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

F. W. Faber.

328

RING the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day
 For a soul returning from the wild !
 See ! the Father meets him out upon the way,
 Welcoming His weary wand'ring child.

WHAT SHALL WE RENDER

Glory ! glory ! how the angels sing !
Glory ! glory ! how the loud harps ring !
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

Ring the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled ;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

Ring the bells of heaven ! spread the feast to-day !
Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain !
Tell the joyful tidings ! bear it far away !
For a precious soul is born again.

W. O. Cushing.

329

WHAT shall we render,
Our heavenly friend, to Thee,
For care so tender,
For love so free ?

What shall we bring for all the love
Thy rich and bounteous hand bestows ?
From Thee the source of joy and love,
All light and blessing flows.

What shall we render, our heavenly friend, to
Thee,
For care so tender, for love so free ?

Lo ! the lofty mountains
High to Thee their summits raise ;
Sweet sparkling fountains
Whisper Thy praise.

PRAISE

The pleasant fruits, the smiling flowers,
To Thee their grateful offerings bring,
And cheerful birds, with all their powers,
To Thee sweet anthems sing.

Earth's thousand voices
Warble Thy lovely name,
Nature rejoices,
Praise to proclaim.

Since we have spirits that must live,
When all things else must fade and die,
May we through life our service give,
And sing Thy praise on high.

Anon.

THE LIFE BEYOND

330

SLEEP on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest ;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's
breast ;
We love thee well ; but Jesus loves thee best—
Good-night ! Good-night ! Good-night !

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep ;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep :
Thine is a perfect rest, secure, and deep—
Good-night !

Until the shadows from this earth are cast ;
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last ;
Until the twilight gloom is overpast—
Good-night !

VICTORY

Until the Easter glory lights the skies ;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night !

Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night !

Only “good-night,” belovèd—not “farewell !”
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible—
Good-night !

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night !
Sarah Doudney.

331

FOR all the saints, who from their labours
rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Hallelujah !

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their
Might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true
Light.
Hallelujah !

THE LIFE BEYOND

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Hallelujah !

O blest communion, fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Hallelujah !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Hallelujah !

The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Hallelujah !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest
coast,
Through gates of pearl, streams in the countless
host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah !
W. W. How.

332

NOW the labourer's task is o'er ;
Now the battle day is past ;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

THE FATHER'S KEEPING

There the tears of earth are dried ;
There its hidden things are clear ;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His Feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace ;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. Ellerton.

333

IT singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.

THE LIFE BEYOND

They throng the silence of the breast ;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.
'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down :
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But, oh ! 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore ;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.
More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there ;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore ;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God for evermore.

J. W. Chadwick.

334

BELOVED, it is well !
God's ways are always right,
And love is o'er them all,
Though far above our sight.
Beloved, it is well !
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.
Beloved, it is well !
Though deep and sore the smart,
Our Father He will bind,
And heal the broken heart.

WEEP NO MORE

Thy sorrow sanctified,
Will bring thee God's own peace,
If thou in Him abide.
It is well! It is well!

Anon.

335

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Hallelujah! hark they sing,
Praising loud their Heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand;
Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long;
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried;
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

H. T. Schenk tr. F. E. Cox.

336

“**H**E is not dead,” but only lieth sleeping
In the sweet refuge of His Master’s
breast,
And far away from sorrow, toil, and weeping,
“He is not dead,” but only taking rest.

What though the highest hopes he dearly
cherished,
All faded gently as the setting sun ;
What though our own fond expectations
perished,
Ere yet life’s noblest labour seemed begun ;

What though he standeth at no earthly altar—
Yet in white raiment, on the golden floor,
Where love is perfect, and no step can falter,
He serveth as a Priest for evermore !

O glorious end of life’s short day of sadness !
O blessed course so well and nobly run !
O home of true and everlasting gladness !
O crown unfading ! and so early won !

Though tears will fall, we bless Thee, O our
Father,
For the dear one for ever with the blest,
And wait the Easter dawn when Thou shall
gather
Thine own, long parted, to their endless rest.

R. H. Baynes.

337

FOR ever with the Lord !
 Amen ! so let it be !
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality !

My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul ! how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear !

"For ever with the Lord !"
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word,
 E'en here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fail ;
 Uphold Thou me, so shall I stand,
 Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 For ever with the Lord !

J. Montgomery.

338

GOD of the living, in whose eyes,
 Unveil'd Thy whole creation lies ;
 All souls are Thine, we must not say,
 That those are dead who pass away,
 From this our world of flesh set free,
 We know them living unto Thee.

THE LIFE BEYOND

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is living still their life ;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their
praise,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair,
Beyond Thy voice, Thy arm, Thy care ;
Not left to lie like fallen tree,
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy will be done, for Thou art just,
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

O breather into man of breath !
O holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin ;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee.

J. Ellerton.

339

“**T**O die is gain !”
All earthly cares forsaking ;
From toil and pain, to endless joy awaking ;
To die is gain !

TO DIE IS GAIN

“To die is gain!”

My weary soul home bringing,
O'er heavenly plain sweet angel-voices ringing;
To die is gain!

“To die is gain!”

From strife and sin to sever,
With Christ to reign, for ever, oh! for ever;
To die is gain!

Anon.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS

340

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His
fold;

I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my
head,

That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when
He said,

“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;

And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above—

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For “of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

CHILDREN'S HYMNS

But thousands and thousands, who wander and
fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home :
I should like them to know there is room for
them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for that blessèd and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best ;
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Jemima Luke.

341

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity ;
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought ;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not :
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

Oh, supply my every want !
Feed the young and tender plant ;
Day and night my keeper be ;
Every moment watch round me.

C. Wesley.

342

JESUS bids us shine with a clear pure light,
Like a little candle burning in the night ;
In this world of darkness we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE

Jesus bids us shine, first of all for Him ;
Well He sees and knows it, if our light is dim ;
He looks down from heaven, to see us shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine, then, for all around,
Many kinds of darkness in this world abound :
Sin and want and sorrow ; so we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

A. N.

343

WHERE is Jesus, little children ?
Is He up in heaven ?
Has God taken back the present
Which of old was given ?

Where is Jesus, little children ?
Is He in a book ?
Has He ceased to talk to people,
And on them to look ?

Where is Jesus, little children ?
With us evermore,
He is here, and we may find Him
Shut within this door.

Jesus is a lovely Spirit,
Lowly, pure, and kind ;
Feeling in the hearts of people,
Thinking in their mind.

Self-forgetting, gentle mercy,
Love that will not die,
These reveal the heart of Jesus,
Tell us He is nigh.

Shut within the souls of children,
 Jesus makes His home ;
 Where the heart has heard Him knocking,
 And has bid Him come.

Jesus, make in us Thy dwelling,
 Come with us to live,
 And to each and all our doings
 Thy dear beauty give.

B. Waugh.

344

WHEN His salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to His name ;
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But, as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song,
 Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

And since the Lord retaineth,
 His love for children still ;
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill :
 We'll flock around His banner,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, Hosanna !
 To David's royal Son ;
 Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming
 Would their Hosannas raise.

THE WORD OF THE LORD

But shall we only render,
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's:
Hosanna to Jesus our King!

T. King.

345

THY Word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair;
And every one who seeks may pluck
A lovely nosegay there.

Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine;
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths,
For ev'ry searcher there.

Thy Word is like the starry host;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller
And make his pathway bright.

Thy Word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring;
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.

Thy Word is like an armoury,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find, for life's long battle-day
All needful weapons there.

Oh, may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine,
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine!

CHILDREN'S HYMNS

Oh, may I find my armour there,
Thy Word my trusty sword;
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord!

E. Hodder.

346

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heav'n,
Saved by His precious Blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heav'n, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do.

C. F. Alexander.

THE HEAVENLY FRIEND

347

FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour ;
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers ;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

J. H. Gurney.

348

THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die ;
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS

There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
For those who love the Saviour,
And Abba Father cry ;
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy ;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually ;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing,
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A harp of sweetest music,
A palm of victory ;
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone,
Oh, come dear little children,
That all may be your own.

A. Midlane.

349

SAVIOUR! while my heart is tender,
 I would yield that heart to Thee;
 All my powers to Thee surrender,
 Thine and only Thine to be.
 Take me now, Lord Jesus! take me,
 Let my youthful heart be Thine:
 Thy devoted servant make me,
 Fill my soul with love divine.

Send me, Lord where Thou wilt send me,
 Only do Thou guide my way;
 May Thy grace through life attend me,
 Gladly then shall I obey.
 Let me do Thy will or bear it,
 I would know no will but Thine;
 Should'st Thou take my life, or spare it,
 I that life to Thee resign.

May this solemn consecration
 Never once forgotten be;
 Let it know no revocation
 Registered, confirmed by Thee.
 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
 To Thy service set apart;
 Suffer me to leave Thee never:
 Seal Thine image on my heart.

J. Burton.

350

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
 Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
 The bird sits singing by his nest,
 And tells aloud
 His trust in God, and so is blest
 'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed ;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed ;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
 He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need
 A Father's name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings ;
A well of peace within it springs :
 Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings
 It is His will !

I. Williams.

351

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
 The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
 He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
 That brightens up the sky ;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruit in the garden,
 He made them every one.

THE STRAYING LAMB

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play ;
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

C. F. Alexander.

352

A LITTLE lamb went straying,
Among the hills one day,
Leaving its faithful shepherd,
Because it loved to stray ;
And while the sun shone brightly
It knew no thought of fear,
For flowers around were blooming,
And balmy was the air.

But night came over quickly,
The hollow breezes blew,—
The sun soon ceased its shining,
All dark and dismal grew ;
The little lamb stood bleating,
As well indeed it might,
So far from home and shepherd,
And on so dark a night.

But ah ! the faithful shepherd,
Soon missed the little thing,
And onward went to seek it,
It home again to bring ;

And sought on hill and valley,
And called it by its name,—
He sought, nor ceased his seeking
Until he found his lamb.

Then to his gentle bosom,
The little lamb he pressed,
And as he bore it homeward
He fondly it caressed ;
The little lamb was happy
To find itself secure ;
And happy, too, the shepherd,
Because his lamb he bore.

And won't you love the Shepherd,
So gentle and so kind,
Who came from brightest glory,
His little lambs to find ?
To make them, oh, so happy,
Rejoicing in His love,
Till every lamb be gathered
Safe in His home above.

A. Midlane.

353

LITTLE beam of rosy light,
Who has made you shine so bright ?
"Tis our Father."

Little bird with golden wing,
Who has taught you how to sing ?
"Tis our Father."

"Tis our Father, God above ;
He has made us, He is Love."
Little blossom, sweet and rare,
Who has made you bloom so fair ?
"Tis our Father."

OUR FATHER

Little streamlet in the dell,
Who has made you, can you tell?
"Tis our Father."
"Tis our Father, God above;
He has made us, He is love."

Little child, with face so bright,
Who has made your heart so light?
"Tis our Father."
Who has taught you how to sing
Like the merry bird of spring?
"Tis our Father."
"Tis our Father, God above;
He has made us, He is love."

F. J. Crosby.

354

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

And our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Julia Carney.

355

JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear ;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear ?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert
Or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd ;
Well we know His voice ;
How its gentle whisper
Makes our heart rejoice !
Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone ;
None but He shall guide us,
We are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd ;
For the sheep He bled ;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed.
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,
"They that have my Spirit,
These," saith He, "are mine."

OUR SHEPHERD

Jesus is our Shepherd ;
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm ;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

H. Stowell.

356

SUPPOSE the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up!"
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To miss it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away;"
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way ;

Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so ?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too !
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

F. J. Crosby.

357

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark ;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark ;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept ;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept ;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

Oh ! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word ;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

THE HOLY WARFARE

Oh ! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates,
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

J. D. Burns.

358

WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate ;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so High and Good and Great ?

We know the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And Martyrs brave, and patient Saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learn'd like vows to make ;
We need not die ; we cannot fight ;
What may we do for Jesus' sake ?

Oh, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within ;
A death to die, for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

C. F. Alexander.

359

LOOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces ;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places.

Growing every day in awe,
For Thy name is holy ;
Learning every day to love,
With a love more lowly.

Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother ;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.

Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder ;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.

OUR LEADER

Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in Thy pity,
That we enter in at last
To the Holy City.

Mary Butler.

360

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways :

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Sion's city is in sight ;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord ! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be.
And we still will follow Thee.

J. Cennick.

361

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom ;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

W. O. Cushing.

362

GOD make my life a little light
Within the world to glow ;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

THE SAVIOUR'S WELCOME

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest ;
That so what health and strength I have,
May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise ;
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

Matilda Betham-Edwards.

363

HE smiled as He stretched out His arms in
glad welcome,
While little ones hastened to press round His
knee,
While He laid His kind hand on each little fair
forehead,
Saying, "Suffer the children to come unto
Me."

He loved them e'en then, though His heart was
distressèd,
He loveth them still in their innocent glee ;
And still does He utter those words of sweet
welcome,
Oh, "Suffer the children to come unto Me."

Send not from My presence the children: I love
them,
And they shall be happy, and joyous, and free:
But bring them where blessings from heaven
are dropping,
Oh, "Suffer the children to come unto Me."

Anon.

SEASONS

364

THE glory of the spring, how sweet !
The new-born life, how glad !
What joy the happy earth to greet,
In new, bright raiment clad !

Divine Renewer, Thee I bless ;
I greet Thy going forth ;
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewèd earth.

But O, these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine ;
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new births more divine.

This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair ;
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrancy of prayer !

Creator, Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine ;
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine.

T. H. Gill.

365

THE summer days are come again ;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
And breath of clover fields ;
And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy moods
Of love and joy and prayer.

NATURE'S PRAISES

The summer days are come again ;
The birds are on the wing ;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing.
We know who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim ;
For summer joy in field and wood,
We lift our song to Him.

S. Longfellow.

366

SUMMER suns are glowing,
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.

Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

Broad, and deep, and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour ;
For Thy loving-kindness,
Make us love Thee more.

SEASONS

And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the mist uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light :
Life is dark without Thee ;
Death with Thee is bright.

Light of Light ! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

W. W. How.

367

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons as they move
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
The seasons knew Thy call ;
Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,
The summer dews to fall.

Thy gifts of mercy from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
And now the harvest crowns Thy love
And plenty fills the plain.

THE RENEWING OF LIFE

O ne'er may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook Thy bounteous care,
But what our Father's hand imparts
Still own in praise and prayer.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Alice Flowerdew.

368

KINDLY Spring again is here,
Trees and fields in bloom appear ;
Hark ! the birds, with artless lays,
Sing their great Creator's praise.

Where in Winter all was snow,
Now the flowers in cluster grow ;
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest-day.

Lord, vouchsafe a Spring to me ;
Let me be like that I see ;
Speak, and by Thy gracious voice,
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

Give to me the breath of life,
Joy for mourning, peace for strife ;
Soon Thy presence will restore
Life to what seemed dead before.

J. Newton.

369

THIS winter now : the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

SEASONS

And yet God's love is not withdrawn ;
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God ! who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in Thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

S. Longfellow.

370

THE flowers which deck my pathway round,
And skirt the shady wood,
Proclaim, as with a thousand tongues,
That God is very good.

The ripened fields of waving grain,
For man and beast assigned,
Tell that the great Creator is
Not only good, but kind.

The glorious sun and peerless moon,
And stars that round them wait,
Prove God to be not only good
And kind, but very great.

But oh ! the cross where Jesus hung,
Doth yet more strongly prove,
That though so good, and kind, and great,
The mighty God is Love.

A. Midlane.

371

THE year is swiftly waning ;
 The summer days are past ;
 And life, brief life, is speeding ;
 The end is nearing fast.

The ever-changing seasons,
 In silence come and go ;
 But Thou, Eternal Father,
 No time or change canst know.

O pour Thy grace upon us,
 That we may worthier be,
 Each year that passes o'er us,
 To dwell in heaven with Thee.

Behold the bending orchards,
 With bounteous fruit are crowned ;
 Lord, in our hearts more richly
 Let heavenly fruits abound.

O by each mercy sent us,
 And by each grief and pain,
 By blessings like the sunshine,
 And sorrows like the rain.

Our barren hearts make fruitful,
 With every goodly grace ;
 That we Thy name may hallow,
 And see at last Thy face.

W. W. How.

372

HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
 Bloom from the garden, and flowers from
 the field ;
 Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest
 More for the love than the wealth that we
 yield.

Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
 Speak to their hearts with a message of peace,
 Comfort the sad who in weakness are lying,
 Grant the departing a gentle release.

Raise, Lord, to health again those who have
 sickened,
 Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom ;
 Give, of Thy grace, to the souls Thou hast
 quickened,
 Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must
 wither ;
 We, like these blossoms, must fade and must
 die ;
 Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
 Grant us a place in Thy home in the sky.

A. G. W. Blunt.

373

WE plough the fields, and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 And it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand ;

GOOD GIFTS

He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love!

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far,
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The wind and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

M. Claudius, tr. Jane M. Campbell.

374

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear,

SEASONS

Spoken through the silence,
By our Father's voice;
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day;
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

"I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed;
Yea, I will uphold thee,
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."

For the year before us,
O what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy,
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful,
Shall His grace abound,
For the faint and feeble,
Perfect strength be found.

He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

F. R. Havergal.

THE OPENING YEAR

375

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which, supported, still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown;
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

P. Doddridge.

376

BREAK, new-born year, on glad eyes break!
Melodious voices move!
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.

Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er,
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore,
But pardoning grace still streams.

THE NEW YEAR

Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight !
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright !

Then we may bless its precious things,
If earthly cheer should come ;
Or gladsome mount on angel-wings,
If Thou should'st take us home.

T. H. Gill.

377

THE year is gone beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears.

Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received ;
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.

To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless ;
Defend our land from pestilence ;
Give peace and plenteousness.

Forgive this nation's many sins ;
The growth of vice restrain ;
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.

From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee ;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.

DEDICATION

O Father, let Thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee, year by year,
With angel-hosts above.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

F. Pott.

378

FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be :
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim ;
This alone shall be my prayer,
“Glorify Thy Name.”

Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live ?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give ?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine ;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine ;

Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home ;
Let me think how Thy dear Son,
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
"Glorify Thy Name."

L. Tuttieltt.

379

BACKWARD looking o'er the past,
Forward, too, with eager gaze,
Stand we here to-day, O God,
At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill ;
Memories all bright and fair
Seem to float on spirit wings,
Downward through the silent air.

Hark ! through all their music sweet,
Hear you not a voice of cheer ?
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,
"Happy be the coming year."

Father, comes that voice from Thee,
Swells it with Thy meaning vast,—
Good in all Thy Future stored,
Fairer than in all the Past.

J. W. Chadwick.

380

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year ;
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear.

Lo ! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee our perfect sacrifice ;
And forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

Dark the future, let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning star ;
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight,
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay ;
In the pathless wilderness,
Be our true and living way.

Whosoe'er death's awful road,
In the coming year shall tread ;
With Thy rod and staff O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own ;
Help, O help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy palace gate,
We shall praise on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

H. Downton.

381

OUR Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave, without a fear,
Its ordering all to Thee.

It may be we shall toil in vain,
For what the world holds fair;
And all its good we thought to gain,
Deceive, and prove but care.

It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain,
And bid us take our farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

But calmly, Lord, in Thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And Thou art perfect Love.

W. Gaskell.

382

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

RING OUT WILD BELLS

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth, and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

A. Tennyson.

CHRISTMAS HYMNS AND CAROLS

383

SLEEP, Holy Babe, upon Thy Mother's
breast ;
Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky ;
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest.

Sleep, Holy Babe ; Thine Angels watch around ;
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, Holy Babe, while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile
Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Holy Babe ; ah, take Thy brief repose ;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake
That Death alone shall close.

E. Caswall.

384

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground :
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

THE WATCHING SHEPHERDS

“To you, in David’s town, this day,
Is born of David’s line
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :

“The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :

“All glory be to God on high !
And to the earth be peace !
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease !”

N. Tate.

385

SOLO :

GOOD King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen ;
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, that even ;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

SOLO :

“Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know’st it, telling
Yonder peasant, who is he ?
Where and what his dwelling ?”

CHRISTMAS HYMNS AND CAROLS

SOLO :

“Sire, he lives a good league hence
Underneath the mountain ;
Right against the forest fence
By Saint Agnes’ fountain.

SOLO :

“Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither,
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.”

CHORUS :

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the rude winds wild lament
And the bitter weather.

SOLO :

“Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger ;
Fails my heart, I know not how ;
I can go no longer.”

SOLO :

“Mark my footsteps good, my page,
Tread thou in them boldly :
Thou shalt find the winter’s rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

CHORUS :

In his master’s steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted ;
Heat was in the very sod
Where the Saint had printed.

STAR OF THE EAST

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing ;
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Traditional.

386

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid :
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining ;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid :
Star of the East the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

R. Heber.

387

SOLO :

IN the old time, runs the story,
 There was once a wondrous night,
 When from out the unseen glory
 Burst a song of glad delight ;
 It was when the stars were gleaming,
 Shepherds watched their flocks, and then
 In their waking or their dreaming,
 Angels sang, "Good-will to men !"

SOLO :

Since that day the children's voices,
 Have caught up the glad refrain ;
 And to-night the heart rejoices,
 That the hour comes round again ;
 And the children are our angels,
 With one loud acclaim they cry ;
 Answering back the glad evangel's,
 "Glory be to God on high !"

CHORUS :

Merry Christmas ! Merry Christmas !
 Let us make the heavens ring !
 Echo back the angel's message,
 With the songs the children sing !

M. J. Savage.

388

CAROL, sweetly carol,
 A Saviour born to-day ;
 Bear the joyful tidings,
 Oh, bear them far away !

CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL

Carol, sweetly carol,
Till earth's remotest bound
Shall hear the mighty chorus,
And echo back the sound.

CHORUS :

Carol, sweetly carol,
Carol sweetly to-day ;
Bear the joyful tidings,
Oh, bear them far away !

Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the angel-throng,
O'er the vales of Judah,
Awoke the heavenly song ;
Carol, sweetly carol,
Goodwill, and Peace, and Love,
Glory in the Highest
To God Who reigns above.
Carol, sweetly carol, etc.

Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas-time ;
Hark ! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime :
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above ;
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming Love !
Carol, sweetly carol, etc.

Anon.

389

GOOD Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice,
Give ye heed to what we say!

News! News!

Jesus Christ is born to-day.
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now.

Christ is born to-day!

Christ is born to-day!

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss!

Joy! Joy!

Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath ope'd the heavenly door,
And man is blessèd evermore.

Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:

Peace! Peace!

Jesus Christ was born to save,
Calls you one, and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall:

Christ was born to save.

J. M. Neale.

390

LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Yet in thy dark streets shineth,
The everlasting Light ;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night !

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above ;
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars ! together,
Proclaim the holy birth ;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem !
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,—
Be born in us to-day !
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell ;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel !

Phillips Brooks.

391

THE first Nowel the Angel did say,
 Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as
 they lay—
 In the fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
 On a cold winter's night that was freezing so
 deep.

CHORUS :

Nowel, Nowel, Nowel, Nowel,
 Born is the King of Israel.

They lookèd up, and saw a star,
 Shining in the East beyond them far ;
 And to the earth it gave great light,
 And so it continued both day and night.

And by the light of that same star,
 Three wise men came from country far ;
 To seek for a King was their intent,
 And to follow the star wherever it went.

This star drew nigh to the north-west,
 O'er Bethlehem it took its rest ;
 And there did it both stop and stay,
 Right over the place where Jesus lay. .

Then entered in those wise men three,
 Fall reverently upon their knee ;
 And offered there, in His presence
 Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord,
 Sing praises to our heavenly Lord ;
 That hath made Heaven and earth of nought,
 And with His Blood mankind hath bought.

Anon.

392

HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled!

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies!
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Christ by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.

C. Wesley.

393

SOLO :

SEE, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below ;
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

CHORUS :

Hail ! thou ever-blessèd morn ;
Hail ! redemption's happy dawn ;
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

SOLO :

Lo ! within the manger lies,
He Who built the starry skies ;
He, Who thrived in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim !
Hail ! thou ever-blessèd morn, &c.

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day ;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lowly mountain steep ?
Hail ! thou ever-blessèd morn, &c.

"As we watched at dead of night,
Lo ! we saw a wondrous light ;
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."
Hail ! thou ever-blessèd morn, &c.

PEACE ON EARTH

Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine!
Thus to come from highest bliss,
Down to such a world as this!

Hail! thou ever-blessèd morn, &c.

Teach, oh, teach us, Holy child,
By Thy face so meek and mild;
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility.

Hail! thou ever-blessèd morn, &c.

Anon.

394

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From Heaven's All-gracious King:"
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on heavenly wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessèd angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

CHRISTMAS HYMNS AND CAROLS

And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring :
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low ;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold ;
When, with ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When Peace shall over all the earth,
Its ancient splendours fling ;
And the whole world send back the song,
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears.

395

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born ;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of Angels chanted from above ;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the Angelic herald's voice, "Behold,

THE HAPPY MORN

I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth :
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And Heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang :
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shep-
herds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the Blessèd Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid :
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.

O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross ;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the Angelic hosts among,
To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song :
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display :
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to Heav'n's Almighty King.

J. Byrom.

396

AS with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold,
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright ;
 So, most gracious Lord, may we
 Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
 Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Thee whom heaven and earth adore ;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
 At Thy cradle rude and bare ;
 So may we with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way ;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light ;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
 There for ever may we sing
 Alleluias to our King.

W. Chatterton Dix.

397

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed :
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall ;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey ;
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew—
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew ;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love ;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above ;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

CHRISTMAS HYMNS AND CAROLS

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him ; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high ;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

C. F. Alexander.

398

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of Angels ;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

* * * * *

Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above :
"Glory to God
In the highest ;"
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning ;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given ;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing ;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

F. Oakeley tr. from Latin.

399

SHEPHERDS, watching o'er your flocks,
As the darkness steals around ;
Hark ! what melody divine,
Floods the sky with wondrous sound.

CHORUS :

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Lift your wondering eyes to heaven,
Choirs of Angels gathered there,
In the solemn midnight hour,
Break the stillness of the air.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Stay not on the bleak hill-side,
Hasten, shepherds, to obey ;
To adore your infant Child,
Angels beckon you away.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Where the ox and ass are stalled,
There a Babe in swaddling bands,
You to greet, and you to bless,
Lifts His tiny infant hands.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Kneel down shepherds, bow your heads,
Deep the mystery of Love ;
He is God and He is Man,
Here on earth—in heaven above.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

CHRISTMAS HYMNS AND CAROLS

Mary, Joseph, shepherds, too,
Join the angel-choir on high;
Make heaven's highest arches ring
Through the deep dark midnight sky.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Anon.

400

WHAT sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven!
In waves of light it thrills along,
Th' angelic signal given:—
“Glory to God on high, on earth be peace
And love towards men, of love, salvation and
release!”

Like circles widening round,
Upon a clear blue river;
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on for ever:
“Glory to God on high, on earth be peace
And love towards men, of love, salvation and
release!”

J. Keble.

INDICES



INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TRANSLATORS

The dates of the birth and death of the authors are given in brackets. Where a translator's name is given, (*tr.*) is added to the number of the Hymn.

- Adams, Sarah (1805-1848), 171.
 Addison, Joseph (1672-1719), 41, 47, 318.
 Alexander, Cecil Frances (1823), 86, 179, 346, 351, 358, 397.
 Alford, Henry, Dean (1810-1871) 219, 291.
 Alstyne, Van Frances J., 88.
 Anon., 15, 19, 113, 119, 129, 186, 187, 202, 211, 233, 272, 285, 293, 294, 308, 329, 334, 339, 363, 388, 391, 393, 399.
 Anstice, Joseph (1808-1836), 155.
 Auber, Harriet (1773-1862), 100.
 Austin, John (1613-1669), 114, 189.
 Ayres, 74.

 Baines, M. A., 55.
 Barnes-Mathews, M., 117.
 Barton, Bernard (1784-1849), 292.
 Bathurst, William Hiley (1796-1877), 203, 207.
 Baxter, Richard (1615-1691), 266.
 Baynes, R. H., 336.
 Bickersteth, Edward Henry, Bishop (1825), 93, 95.
 Blake, T. W. Jex, 319.
 Blake, W. (1757-1827), 262.
 Bliss, P. P., 85, 92.
 Blomfield, Dorothy (1858), 156.
 Blunt, Abel Gerald Wilson (1827), 372.
 Bode, John Ernest (1816-1874), 146.
 Bonar, Horatius (1808-1889), 83, 104, 106, 165, 176, 240, 259, 269.
 Borthwick, Jane (1813), 154, 206, 286.
 Bourne, Dr., 192.
 Bourne, William St. Hill, 297.
 Bowley, 227.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Bowring, Sir John (1792-1872), 42, 46, 69.
Brady, Nicholas (1659-1726), 116, 313.
Brainard, 56.
B. R., 244, 314.
Bright, William, Canon (1824), 4, 302.
Brontë, Anne (1819-1849), 190.
Brooke, Augustus Stopford (1832), 63, 164, 210.
Brooks, Phillips, Bishop (1835-1893), 390.
Browne, S., 99.
Bryant, William Cullen (1794-1878), 213.
Bubier, George Burden (1823-1869), 288.
Burleigh, William Henry (1812-1872), 50, 216.
Burman, Ellen Elizabeth (1837-1861), 265.
Burns, James Drummond (1823-1864), 185, 357.
Burton, John (1773-1822), 349.
Butler, Mary, 359.
Byrom, John (1691-1763), 395.

Campbell, Jane Montgomery (1817-1878), 373.
Carlyle, Joseph Dacre (1758-1804), 196.
Carlyle, Thomas (1795-1881), 281.
Carney, Julia, 354.
Cary, Phœbe (1824-1871), 166.
Caswall, Edward (1814-1878), 10, 383.
Chadwick, John White (1840), 333, 379.
Charles, Elizabeth, 235, 246.
Cheney, Ednah Deane, 167.
Clapp, Eliza T., 223.
Claudius, Matthias (1740-1815), 373.
Clephane, Elizabeth C. (1809-1863), 87.
Cennick, John (1715-1755), 360.
Codner, Mrs., 147.
Coffin, *tr.* R. B., 314.
Coghill, Annie L., 261.
Collyer, Robert (1823), 173.
Cooper, George, 256.
Cowper, William (1731-1800), 27, 73, 126, 161, 310.
Cox, Frances Elizabeth, 194.
Crewdson, Jane (1809-1863), 198, 278.
Crosby, F. J., 75, 84, 162, 275, 284, 353, 356.
Cushing, W. O., 134, 328, 361.

AND TRANSLATORS

- Dix, William Chatterton (1837), 82, 396.
Doddridge, Philip (1702-1751), 33, 61, 305, 375.
Doudney, Sarah (1842), 330.
Downton, Henry (1818-1885), 380.
Drennan, William (1754-1820), 312.
Duffield, George (1818-1888), 260.
Dwight, J. S. (1812), 234.
- Eber, Paul, 153.
Edmeston, James (1791-1867), 26, 120, 304.
Edwards, Betham Matilda Barbara (1836), 362.
Ellerton, John (1826-1893), 5, 13, 25, 151, 157, 163, 332, 338.
Elliott, Charlotte (1789-1871), 133, 191, 214, 226.
- Faber, Frederick William (1815-1863), 8, 36, 90, 168, 282, 327.
Fawcett, John (1739-1817), 125.
Findlater, Sarah L., 287.
Flowerdew, Alice (1759-1830), 367.
Freckelton, F. W., 249.
Furness, William Henry (1802), 31, 180.
- Gannett, William Channing (1840), 6, 52.
Gaskell, William (1805-1884), 150, 247, 258, 381.
Gerhardt, Paul (1606-1676), 148.
Gilbert, Ann (1782-1866), 188.
Gill, Thomas Hornblower (1819), 81, 364, 376.
Gilmore, J. H., 43.
Gladden, Washington (1836), 252.
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang (1749-1832), 141, 296.
Gould-Baring, Sabine (1834), 12, 48, 255.
Grant, Robert, Sir (1785-1838), 315.
Gurney, John Hampden (1802-1862), 115, 347.
- Hangford, George Washington, 236.
Hankey, 76.
Hatch, Edwin L. (1889), 175.
Havergal, Frances Ridley (1836-1879), 224, 257, 303, 374.
Hawks, A. S. (1843), 122.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- Heber, Reginald, Bishop (1783-1826), 20, 242, 386.
Hemans, Felicia Dorothea (1794-1835), 111.
Herbert, George, 229.
Hincks, Thomas (1818), 7.
Hodder, Edwin, 345.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell (1809-1894), 44, 127.
Hosmer, Frederick Lucian (1835-1889), 28, 29, 30, 39, 40, 54,
138, 174, 264, 298, 324.
How, William Walsham, Bishop (1823), 251, 331, 366, 371.
Hutchinson, Abby, 274.
- Johnson, S., 160.
- Keble, John (1792-1866), 2, 23, 123, 309, 400.
Kelly, Thomas (1769-1855), 51.
Ken, Thomas, Bishop (1637-1711), 3, 9.
Kethe, William (1561), 320.
King, T., 344.
- Leeson, Jane Eliza (1807-1882), 271.
Lloyd, William Freeman (1791-1853), 197.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (1807-1882), 239.
Longfellow, Samuel (1819-1892), 17, 18, 96, 159, 169, 268,
365, 369.
Lowell, James Russell (1819-1891), 300.
Luke, Jemima (1813), 340.
Lynch, Thomas Toke (1818-1871), 37, 103, 267, 299.
Lyte, Henry Francis (1793-1847), 14.
- MacDonald, George (1842), 172, 181.
Macleod Norman (1812-1872), 241.
March, D., 243.
Martineau, James (1805), 221.
Matheson, George (1842), 177.
Massie, R., 21.
Maude, Mary F. (1848), 128.
Midlane, A., 270, 348, 352, 370.
Milman, Henry Hart, Dean (1791-1868), 145.
Milton, John (1608-1674), 301.
Monod, Theodore, 199.
Monsell, Samuel Bewley (1811-1875), 70.

AND TRANSLATORS

Montgomery, James (1771-1854), 71, 105, 139, 215, 277, 317, 337.

Morison, John (1749-1798), 60.

Myers, Ernest, 276.

N. A., 342.

Neale, John Mason (1818-1866), 91, 183, 254, 389.

Newman, John Henry, Cardinal, 131, 280.

Newton, John (1725-1807), 11, 57, 78, 89, 182, 204, 368.

Oakeley, F., *tr.* 398.

Oakey, Ebenezer Sherman (1865), 306.

Packwood, C. M., 321.

Page, 289.

Palgrave, Francis Turner (1824), 67, 209.

Palmer, H. Ray (1808-1887), 170, 200.

Peabody, W. B. O. (1799-1847), 237.

Pierpoint, Folliott Sandford (1835), 307.

Pott, Francis (1832), 377.

Prentiss, Elizabeth, 208.

Proctor, Adelaide Anne (1825-1864), 193, 205, 273, 290, 326.

Prynne, George Rundle (1818), 178.

Rankin, Jeremiah Eames (1828), 130.

Reed, Andrew (1787-1862), 98.

Rinckart, Martin, 316.

Root, George F., 79.

Savage, M. J., 387.

Schenk, Heinrich Theodore (1656-1727), 335.

Scriden, Joseph, 142.

Scudder, Eliza (1821), 38.

Seagrave, R., 135.

Sears, Edmund Hamilton (1810-1876), 394.

Shekleton, Mary, 201.

Shelley, Mary, 136.

Shuttleworth, H. C., 238.

Simpson, Jane Cross (1811-1886), 107.

Small, J. G., 72.

Spitta, Carl Johann Philipp (1801-1859), 21, 287.

Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, Dean (1815-1881), 62, 65, 101.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TRANSLATORS

- Steele, Anne (1716-1778), 149.
 Sterling, Julia, 228.
 Stone, Samuel John (1839), 68, 232.
 Stowe, Harriet Beecher (1851), 24, 94, 212.
 Stowell, H., 355.
 Symonds, John Addington (1840-1833), 279.
 Tarrant, William George (1833), 49, 53, 311.
 Tate, Nahum (1652-1715), 116, 313, 384.
 Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1807-1892), 59, 132, 382.
 Tersteegen, Gerhard (1697-1769), *tr.* 152.
 Thomas, David (1813), 218.
 Thring, Godfrey (1823), 109, 158.
 Thrupp, D. A., 137.
 Toplady, Augustus Montague (1740-1778), 80.
 Trench, Richard Chenevix, Archbishop (1807-1886), 231.
 Tuttielt, Lawrence (1825), 378.
 Twells, Henry (1823), 22.
 Wallace, 124.
 Walmsley, R., 16.
 Ware, H., 184.
 Waring, Anna Lætitia (1820), 34, 108, 140.
 Watson, G., 110.
 Watts, Isaac (1674-1748), 1, 45, 121, 244, 263, 322, 325.
 Waugh, Benjamin, 112, 343.
 Wesley, Charles (1707-1788), 77, 118, 144, 148, 152, 195, 210,
 217, 220, 248, 250, 283, 341, 392.
 Whatley and Heber (1783-1826), 20.
 White, Kirke Henry (1785-1806), 253.
 Whittier, John Greenleaf (1807-1892), 35, 58, 64, 143, 222,
 245, 295.
 Wigglesworth, Elizabeth, 102.
 Williams, Isaac, 350.
 Williams, Sarah Johannes (1805-1841), 225.
 Williams, Theodore C., 66.
 Winkworth, Catherine. *tr.* Martin Rinckart, 316. Paul Eber,
 153, (1829-1878).
 Wordsworth, Christopher, Bishop (1807-1885), 97, 323.
 Wreford, J. R., 230.
 Zinzendorf, N. L., 154.

INDEX OF HYMNS WITH SUGGESTED TUNES

<i>Tunes taken from</i>	<i>See under</i>
HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.	A. & M.
THE BRISTOL TUNE BOOK.	B. T. B.
THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE BOOK.	C. S. B.
THE CHURCH HYMNARY.	Ch. H.
THE HYMNAL (Pub. Gay and Bird).	H.
THE HYMNAL COMPANION.	H. C.
SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS.	S. & S.

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
14	Abide with me	10s.	Eventide	A. & M.	27
288	A fitly spoken word	S.M.	St. Michael	B. T. B.	16
352	A little lamb	7.6.	Reapers	S. & S.	101
18	Again as	L.M.	Charmouth	B. T. B.	67
222	All as God	C.M.	Kendal	B. T. B.	369
223	All before us	7s.	Ephraim	B. T. B.	106
320	All people that	L.M.	OldHundredth	B. T. B.	88
351	All things bright	7.6s.	God in Nature	Ch. H.	521
233	All unseen	8.7.8.7.	St. Oswald	B. T. B.	204
302	And now the	C.M.	Kensington	B. T. B.	370
172	A quiet heart	C.M.	When fairest	B. T. B.	380
			Eve		
91	Art thou weary	8.5.8.3.	Stephanos	A. & M.	254
19	As darker, darker	C.M.	Holy Cross	B. T. B.	366
55	As drooping	C.M.	Jazer	B. T. B.	368
116	As pants	C.M.	Martyrdom	B. T. B.	36
57	As the sun's	7s.	Lubeck	B. T. B.	113
396	As with gladness	7s.	Dix	B. T. B.	172
22	At even ere	L.M.	Angelus	B. T. B.	381
167	At first, I	S.M.	Woolwich	B. T. B.	356
4	At Thy feet	7s.	Barmouth	A. & M.	6
3	Awake, my soul	L.M.	MorningHymn	B. T. B.	84
379	Backward looking	7s.	Weber	B. T. B.	120
225	Because I knew	10s.	Bethsaida	H.	89
84	Behold Me	L.M.	Behold Me	S. & S.	319
334	Beloved, it	6s.	Chant	H.	396

INDEX OF HYMNS

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
123	Blest are the pure	S.M.	Franconia	B. T. B.	5
114	Blest be Thy	S.M.	Huddersfield	B. T. B.	7
205	Be strong to hope				
70	Birds have	6.10.	Rest	B. T. B.	465
386	Brightest and best	11.10s. {	The Epiphany	H. C.	94
			Epiphany	B. T. B.	252
376	Break, new-born	C. M.	St. Marguerite	B. T. B.	376
175	Breathe on me	S. M.	{ St. Andrews	B. T. B.	351
6	Bring, O Morn	P. M.	{ St. Michael	B. T. B.	16
				Yatten- den	
192	By thine inward	8.7s.	Benediction	B. T. B.	207
262	Can I see	7s.	St. Bees	S. & S.	688
388	Carol, sweetly		Carol, sweetly	C. S. B.	186
360	Children of the	7s.	Innocents	B. T. B.	110
395	Christians awake	10s.	Yorkshire	B. T. B.	250
191	Christian, seek	7.7.7.3.	Vigilate	A. & M.	269
244	Christ hath	L. M.	Whitburn	B. T. B.	403
67	Christ in His	10s.	Dalkeith	B. T. B.	623
118	Christ, whose glory	7s.	Maldstone	B. T. B.	507
99	Come gracious	L. M.	Ernan	B. T. B.	71
286	Come, labour on	P. M.	Ora labora	H. C.	315
82	Come unto Me	7.6s.	Come unto	A. & M.	256
93	Come ye yourselves	10s.	Dalkeith	B. T. B.	623
148	Commit Thou	S. M.	Franconia	B. T. B.	5
241	Courage, brother	8.7s.	Courage	S. & S.	273
182	Dear Shepherd	C. M.	Winchester	B. T. B.	58
143	Dear Lord	6.6.8.8.6.	Dereham	B. T. B.	442
232	Dark is the sky	10s.	Dalkeith	B. T. B.	623
267	Dismiss me not	8.6s.	Spohr	B. T. B.	191
347	Fair waved	S. M.	Franconia	B. T. B.	5
119	Father, hear	8.7s.	Sardis	B. T. B.	202
108	Father, I know	8.6s.	Weymouth	H. C.	466
160	Father, in Thy	11.10.	Berlin	B. T. B.	632
378	Father, let me	7.5s.	Father, let	A. & M.	74

WITH SUGGESTED TUNES

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
136	Father, let Thy	8.7.8.7.4.7	{ Mannheim St. Raphael	B. T. B. Ch. H.	564 262
367	Father of mercies	C. M.	Dalehurst	B. T. B.	360
238	Father of men	8.8.8.	St. Aidan	B. T. B.	225
138	Father, to Thee	11.10s.	Berlin	B. T. B.	632
149	Father, whate'er	C. M.	St. Agnes	B. T. B.	374
109	Fierce raged	8s.3.	St. Aelred	H. C.	535
183	Fierce was	P. M.	Euroclydon	H. C.	534
331	For all the saints		Troyte's Chant 2	A. & M.	295
321	For common	7s.	Majesty	B. T. B.	413
337	For ever with	D. S. M.	Nearer Home	{ S. & S. A. & M.	523 231
307	For the beauty	6.7s.	Dix	B. T. B.	172
380	For Thy mercy	7s.	Lubeck	B. T. B.	113
248	Forth in Thy	L. M.	Morning Hymn	B. T. B.	84
291	Forward! be	6.5s.	{ St. Gertrude St. Albans	B. T. B. S. & S.	439 613
242	From Greenland's	7.6s.	St. Theodulph	B. T. B.	162
341	Gentle Jesus	7s.	{ Battishill University College	Ch. H. B. T. B.	566 417
9	Glory to Thee	L. M.	Tallis' Canon	B. T. B.	99
130	God be with you	P. M.		S. & S.	168
234	God bless our		National Anthem	Ch. H.	511
304	God intrusts	5.6.			
46	God is love	8.7.	Mariners	B. T. B.	200
362	God make my life	C. M.	All Hallows	B. T. B.	357
27	God moves in a	C. M.	London	B. T. B.	34
338	God of the living	L. M.	Antwerp	B. T. B.	382
1	God of the	L. M.	Tallis' Canon	B. T. B.	99
102	God sets a still	6.6.6.6.	St. Dunstan	B. T. B.	444
20	God, that madest	8.4.	Nutfield	A. & M.	26
268	Go forth to life	L. M.	Whitburn	B. T. B.	403
259	Go, labour on		Ludborough	Ch. H.	254
28	Go not, my soul	D. C. M.	{ Greenport Kendal	H. B. T. B.	69 369

INDEX OF HYMNS

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
71	Go to dark	7s.	Guildford	B. T. B.	505
107	Go, when the	6s.	Aurelia	B. T. B.	474
389	Good Christian			C. S. B.	204
385	Good King			C. S. B.	206
103	Gracious Spirit	7s.	University College	B. T. B.	417
97	Gracious Spirit, Holy	7.7.7.5.	Capetown	B. T. B.	169
188	Great God, and	L. M.	Rockingham	B. T. B.	90
375	Great God, we	L. M.	Tallis' Canon	B. T. B.	99
314	Happy are they				
210	Happy soul	7s.	German Hymn	B. T. B.	108
184	Happy the home	C. M.	Winchester Old	B. T. B.	58
327	Hark ! hark	P. M.	Pilgrims	A. & M.	223
73	Hark, my soul	7s.	St. Bees	(S. & S.)	688
61	Hark, the glad	C. M.	St. Agnes	(A & M.)	260
392	Hark ! the herald	7s.	Christmas Hymn	B. T. B.	374
243	Hark ! the voice	8.7s.	Here am I	B. T. B.	178
7	Heavenly Father	7s.	University College	S. & S.	18
336	He is not dead	11.10s.	Berlin	B. T. B.	417
43	He leadeth me	L. M.		S. & S.	632
269	He liveth long	L. M.	Whitburn	S. & S.	95
372	Here, Lord	11.10s.	Epiphany	B. T. B.	403
363	He smiled	12.11.	St. Asaph	B. T. B.	252
96	Holy Spirit, Truth	7s.	Weber	B. T. B.	639
33	How gentle	S. M.	Silchester	B. T. B.	120
78	How sweet	C. M.	St. Peter	B. T. B.	11
357	Hushed was	6.6.6.6.8.8	Samuel Christchurch	B. T. B.	52
162	I am Thine	P. M.	Draw me	Ch. H.	606
38	I cannot find	11.10s.	Berlin	B. T. B.	450
193	I do not ask	10.4.	Submission	S. & S.	165
52	I hear it	D. C. M.	St. Matthew	B. T. B.	632
				B. T. B.	617
				B. T. B.	192

WITH SUGGESTED TUNES

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
83	I heard the voice	D. C. M.	{ Vox Dilecti { Belmont	A. & M. B. T. B.	257 25
219	I know not if				
56	I know not what		He knows	S. & S.	377
29	I little see	C. M.	Farrant	B. T. B.	32
169	I look to Thee	8.6.8.6.8.8	{ Preparation { Horeb	B. T. B. H.	540 340
66	I long did roam	P. M.	Arimathea	H.	36
64	Immortal Love	C. M.	Kendal	B. T. B.	369
34	In heavenly love	7.6s.	Ewing	B. T. B.	159
92	In Me ye may		In Me	S. & S.	266
69	In the cross	8.7.	St. Oswald	B. T. B.	204
387	In the old time	8.7.	Sanctuary	B. T. B.	574
122	I need Thee		I need Thee	S. & S.	84
231	I say to Thee	8s.	St. Catherine	B. T. B.	606
340	I think when		Greek air		
325	I sing the	D. C. M.	Ellacombe	B. T. B.	532
246	Is thy cruse	8.7s.	{ Sharon { Sanctuary	H. C. B. T. B.	374 574
394	It came upon	D. C. M.	Noel	Ch. H.	29
63	It fell upon	8.8.8.6.	Silverstone	B. T. B.	229
201	It passeth			S. & S.	103
333	It singeth low	D. C. M.	Usk	B. T. B.	193
32	I to the hills	C. M.	Holy Cross	B. T. B.	366
72	I've found			S. & S.	294
77	Jesu, Lover	7s.	Hollingside	B. T. B.	513
178	Jesu, meek	6.5s.	{ St. Con- stantine { Derby	A. & M. B. T. B.	194 130
144	Jesu, my Strength	S. M.	St. Michael	B. T. B.	16
342	Jesus bids us			S. & S.	590
86	Jesus calls us	8.7s.	St. Oswald	B. T. B.	204
355	Jesus is our	6.5s.	{ Goshen { Franconia	Ch. H. B. T. B.	565 120
154	Jesus, still lead	5.5.8.8.5.5	{ Hafodwen { Fatherland	B. T. B. Ch. H.	124 17
161	Jesus, where'er	L. M.	Melcombe	B. T. B.	81
226	Just as I am	L. M.	Rockingham	B. T. B.	90

INDEX OF HYMNS

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
274	Kind words can				
368	Kindly Spring	7s.	Christchapel	B. T. B.	104
94	Knocking			S. & S.	19
131	Lead, kindly Light	P. M.	Lux Benigna	A. & M.	266
120	Lead us, heavenly	8.7s.	Mannheim	B. T. B.	564
50	Lead us, O Father	10s.	Dalkeith	B. T. B.	623
301	Let us with	7s.	Innocents	B. T. B.	110
294	Life is onward	6.5s.	Franconia	B. T. B.	129
224	Light after			S. & S.	409
353	Little beam	7.7.4.	Hempton	B. T. B.	494
354	Little drops	6.5.6.5.	Derby	B. T. B.	130
359	Looking upward	7.6s.	Beachley	B. T. B.	482
49	Long ago	8.7.8.7.	Sardis	B. T. B.	202
115	Lord, as to Thy	C. M.	Windsor	B. T. B.	59
125	Lord, dismiss us	8.7s.	Dismissal	B. T. B.	208
202	Lord, if Thou	7s.	Christchapel	B. T. B.	104
147	Lord, I hear			S. & S.	56
266	Lord, it belongs	C. M.	Solomon	B. T. B.	42
121	Lord of the	P. M.	Darwell's 148th	B. T. B.	140
303	Lord, speak to me	L. M.	Leamington	B. T. B.	380
139	Lord, teach us	C. M.	Winchester	B. T. B.	58
			Old		
319	Lord, we thank	8.7.	Lucerne	B. T. B.	550
196	Lord, when we	D. C. M.	Kirkstall	B. T. B.	537
220	Love divine	8.7.	{ Love Divine	S. & S.	404
			{ Lux Eoi	B. T. B.	572
111	Lowly and solemn	P. M.	Harlan	B. T. B.	131
11	May the grace	8.7s.	Lightcliffe	B. T. B.	549
65	Master, it is good				
104	Mighty Comforter	7s.	German Hymn	B. T. B.	108
208	More love to Thee	P. M.	Horbury	A. & M.	277
170	My faith looks	P. M.	Weston	B. T. B.	442
326	My God, I thank	8.4.8.4.8.4	Wentworth	B. T. B.	522
214	My God, my		Troyte Chant	A. & M.	264
			1		
140	My heart is	D. C. M.	St. Matthew	B. T. B.	192

WITH SUGGESTED TUNES

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
171	Nearer, my God	6.4.	Horbury	A. & M.	277
2	New every	L. M.	Melcombe	B. T. B.	81
186	None teacheth	S. M.	St. Michael	B. T. B.	16
264	Not always	L. M.	Whitburn	B. T. B.	403
150	Not on this day	C. M.	St. Agnes	B. T. B.	374
276	Now in life's	7.6.7.6.	St. Alphege	B. T. B.	156
112	Now let us see	C. M.	St. Saviour's	B. T. B.	377
17	Now on land	8.7s.	Vesper	B. T. B.	215
316	Now thank we	P. M.	Nun Dauket	A. & M.	379
12	Now the day is	6.5.	{ Eudoxia Derby	A. & M. B. T. B.	346 130
332	Now the labourer's	P. M.	Requiescat	A. & M.	401
298	O beautiful	7.6s.	Aurelia	B. T. B.	474
322	O bless the Lord	S. M.	Franconia	B. T. B.	5
398	O come, all ye	P. M.	Adesti Fideles	B. T. B.	257
213	Oh deem not they	L. M.	Rockingham	B. T. B.	90
113	O Father, when	L. M.	Angelus	B. T. B.	381
203	Oh for a faith	C. M.	St. Stephen	B. T. B.	53
217	Oh for a heart	C. M.	St. Mary	B. T. B.	51
278	O for the peace	11.10s.	Berlin	B. T. B.	632
40	O God, in whom	C. M.	Luther's Chant	B. T. B.	77
45	O God, our	C. M.	St. Ann	B. T. B.	45
129	O God, Thy	8s.	Stella	B. T. B.	239
159	O God, unseen	C. M.	Bedford	B. T. B.	24
254	O happy band	7s.6s.	Kocker	A. & M.	224
287	O happy home	11.10.	Berlin	B. T. B.	632
145	O help us, Lord	C. M.	Winchester Old	B. T. B.	58
133	O holy Father	8.8.8.6.	Silverstone	B. T. B.	229
146	O Jesus, I have	7s.6s.	Missionary	{ A. & M. B. T. B.	271 160
194	O let him whose	6.5.6.5.	Derby	B. T. B.	130
390	O little town	P. M.	Bethlehem	Ch. II.	33
195	O Love Divine how	8.8.6.	Ravendale	B. T. B.	583
155	O Lord, how	8.8.6.8.8.6.	Drayton	B. T. B.	219
323	O Lord of heaven	8.8.8.4.	Almsgiving	A. & M.	365
21	O Lord, who by	10s.	Dalkeith	B. T. B.	623

INDEX OF HYMNS

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
44	O Love Divine	L. M.	Rockingham	B. T. B.	90
165	O Love that casts	6s.	Entreaty	B. T. B.	135
177	O Love that wilt	P. M.	St. Margaret	Ch. H.	207
252	O Master, let me	L. M.	Maryton	Ch. H.	205
81	O mean may seem	C. M.	St. Thomas	B. T. B.	54
156	O perfect Love	11.10.	Berlin	B. T. B.	632
134	Oh safe to the rock			S. & S.	292
207	O Saviour, may	C. M.	St. Agnes	B. T. B.	374
35	Oh, sometimes	L. M.	Leamington	B. T. B.	389
151	O strength and	11.10.	Strength and Stay	A. & M.	12
199	Oh the bitter	P. M.	St. Jude	S. & S.	124
39	O Thou, in all Thy	C. M.	Winchester Old	B. T. B.	58
117	O Thou to whom			S. & S.	588
324	O Thou! who	D. C. M.	Selwyn	B. T. B.	539
315	O worship the	P. M.	Houghton	S. & S.	736
253	Oft in danger	7s.	University	B. T. B.	417
299	Oft when of	6.6.6.6.8.8	Christchurch	B. T. B.	450
397	Once in royal	8.7.	Irby	B. T. B.	556
300	Once to every man	8.7.	Lux Eoi	B. T. B.	372
290	One by one	8.7.8.7.	Lucerne	B. T. B.	550
166	One sweetly	P. M.	Double Chant	H. C.	29
89	One there is above			S. & S.	125
74	One there is who			S. & S.	310
54	One thought	C. M.	York	B. T. B.	60
255	Onward, Christian	11s.	St. Gertrude	B. T. B.	439
284	Onward! upward			S. & S.	164
189	Open thine eyes	L. M.	Whitburn	B. T. B.	403
100	Our blessed	P. M.	St. Cuthbert	A. & M.	207
13	Our day of praise	S. M.	Franconia	B. T. B.	5
181	Our Father, hear	C. M.	Winchester Old	B. T. B.	58
381	Our Father! through	C. M.	St. Peter	B. T. B.	52
127	Our Father, while	C. M.	Winchester Old	B. T. B.	58
272	Our heaven is	S. M.	Woolwich	B. T. B.	356

WITH SUGGESTED TUNES

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
197	Our times are in	S. M.	Annal	B. T. B.	4
36	Out beyond	6.5.	St. Leonard	B. T. B.	433
95	Peace! perfect	10s.	Pax Fecum	S. & S.	730
105	Prayer is the soul's	C. M.	Belmont	B. T. B.	25
141	Purer yet	6.5.	St. Mary Magdalene	B. T. B.	437
264	Quiet, Lord	7s.	Norwood	B. T. B.	506
270	Revive Thy work			S. & S.	273
328	Ring the bells			S. & S.	29
382	Ring out, wild				
135	Rise, my soul	7.6.	Brentwood	B. T. B.	484
80	Rock of Ages	7s.	Norwood	B. T. B.	506
88	Safe in the arms			S. & S.	25
25	Saviour, again	10s.	Ellers	B. T. B.	624
26	Saviour, breathe	8.7.	Salvator	B. T. B.	573
137	Saviour, like			S. & S.	98
271	Saviour! teach me	7s.	Weber	B. T. B.	120
349	Saviour! while	8.7.	Salvator	B. T. B.	573
303	See, amid			C. S. B.	205
79	She only touched			S. & S.	293
399	Shepherds watching			C. S. B.	182
218	Show pity, Lord	4.6.	Auckland	B. T. B.	420
289	Simply trusting			S. & S.	193
293	Sing to the	7.6.	Aurelia	B. T. B.	474
383	Sleep, Holy Babe			C. S. B.	320
330	Sleep on, beloved	P. M.	The Blessed Rest	Ch. H.	320
31	Slowly, by God's	7s.	University College	B. T. B.	417
281	So here hath				
283	Soldiers of Christ	S. M.	Silchester	B. T. B.	11
250	Soldiers of the	7s.	Innocents	B. T. B.	110
310	Sometimes a light	7.6.	Missionary	B. T. B.	160

INDEX OF HYMNS

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
90	Souls of men	8.7s.	St. Oswald	B. T. B.	204
277	Sow in the morn	S. M.	St. Michael	B. T. B.	16
306	Sowing the seed			S. & S.	42
273	Sow with a				
236	Speak gently	C. M.	St. Peter	B. T. B.	52
98	Spirit Divine	C. M.	St. Peter	B. T. B.	52
190	Spirit of Faith	C. M.	Dalchurst	B. T. B.	360
101	Spirit unseen	7s.	Syria	B. T. B.	180
374	Standing at	6.5.	New Year	Ch. H.	483
317	Stand up and	S. M.	Silchester	B. T. B.	11
260	Stand up! stand			S. & S.	15
216	Still will we trust	11.10.11.6	Trust	B. T. B.	630
185	Still with Thee	S. M.	Woolwich	B. T. B.	356
24	Still, still	10s.	Berlin	H.	290
59	Strong Son of God				
366	Summer suns	6.5.	Derby	B. T. B.	130
23	Sun of my soul	L. M.	Hursley	B. T. B.	75
	['Tis gone that]				
132	Sunset and				
356	Suppose the little	7.6.	Missionary	B. T. B.	160
8	Sweet Saviour	8s.	St. Matthias	B. T. B.	608
257	Take my life			S. & S.	416
228	Take Thou my			S. & S.	576
229	Teach me, my God	S. M.	St. Michael	B. T. B.	16
265	Teach me to live	10s.	Dalkeith	B. T. B.	623
239	Tell me not, in	8.7.	Sardis	B. T. B.	202
76	Tell me the old			S. & S.	14
75	Tenderly He			S. & S.	337
350	The child leans		Tideswell		
391	The first Nowel			C. S. B.	188
370	The flowers which	C. M.	St. Peter	B. T. B.	52
364	The glory of the	C. M.	Martyrdom	B. T. B.	36
179	The golden gates	C. M.	Evan	B. T. B.	31
312	The heaven of	C. M.	Winchester	B. T. B.	58
			Old		
53	The Light along	7.6.	Missionary	B. T. B.	160
157	The Lord be with	C. M.	Holy Cross	B. T. B.	366

WITH SUGGESTED TUNES

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
41	The Lord my pas- ture [herd	8s.	Stella	B. T. B.	239
47	The Lord my Shep-	S. M.	St. Michael	B. T. B.	16
62	The Lord is come	D. L. M.	Sunset	B. T. B.	613
60	The race that long	C. M.	London	B. T. B.	34
297	The sower went	7.6.	St. Beatrice	A. & M.	386
318	The spacious	D. L. M.	Sunset	B. T. B.	613
365	The summer days	D. C. M.	St. Matthew	B. T. B.	192
16	The sun declines	8.4.	Gloaming	Ch. H.	360
10	The sun is sinking	6.4.6.6.	St. Columba	A. & M.	17
249	The toil of brain	C. M.	Chichester	B. T. B.	27
15	The twilight	C. M.	Dalehurst	B. T. B.	360
377	The year is gone	C. M.	Westminster	B. T. B.	379
371	The year is swiftly	7.6.	Sacrifice	B. T. B.	472
256	There are lonely			S. & S.	323
309	There is a book	C. M.	St. Peter	B. T. B.	52
346	There is a green	C. M.	{ Horsley Kendal	A. & M. B. T. B.	540 369
215	There is a holy	8.8 8.4.	Southport	B. T. B.	592
124	There is an eye	C. M.	Jazer	B. T. B.	368
308	There is beauty				
198	There is no sorrow	C. M.	St. Agnes	B. T. B.	374
348	There's a Friend	P. M.	In Memoriam	Ch. H.	586
87	There were ninety			S. & S.	43
279	These things	C. M.	Tallis' Canon	B. T. B.	99
128	Thine for ever	7s.	Newington	A. & M.	280
5	This is the day	S. M.	Franconia	B. T. B.	5
211	This life is but a	7.6.7.6.	St. Alphege	B. T. B.	156
152	Thou hidden Love	8s.	Magdalen	B. T. B.	603
206	Thou knowest	11.10.	Arley	B. T. B.	254
240	Thou must be true				
158	Thou to whom	8.7.8.7.7.7	{ Requiem Evensong	A. & M. B. T. B.	368 206
247	Though lowly	C. M.	St. Thomas	B. T. B.	54
209	Though we long	8.7.	Seaford	B. T. B.	579
313	Through all the	C. M.	Wiltshire	A. & M.	290
227	Through the love	P. M.	Goodrest	B. T. B.	524
48	Through the night	7s.	St. Oswald	B. T. B.	204

INDEX OF HYMNS

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
168	Thy home is with	C. M.	Holy Cross	B. T. B.	366
221	Thy way is in the	C. M.	Mirfield	B. T. B.	373
176	Thy way, not mine	6s.	St. Dunstan	B. T. B.	444
345	Thy word is like	C. M.	Jazer	B. T. B.	368
285	Time is earnest			S. & S.	267
280	Time was I shrank	C. M.	St. Bernard	B. T. B.	47
369	'Tis winter now	L. M.	Eden	B. T. B.	69
339	To die is gain			S. & S.	267
275	To the work			S. & S.	176
164	Unheard the	C. M.	Kendal	B. T. B.	369
30	Unto Thee, abiding				
173	Unto Thy temple	L. M.	Antwerp	B. T. B.	382
292	Walk in the light	C. M.	Farrant	B. T. B.	32
358	We are but	L. M.	Alstone	A. & M.	31
68	Weary of earth	10s.	Dalkeith	B. T. B.	623
187	We bless Thee	C. M.	Dalhurst	B. T. B.	300
42	We cannot always	8 8.8.4.	Southport	B. T. B.	593
245	We faintly hear	C. M.	Kendal	B. T. B.	369
251	We give Thee	S. M.	St. Michael	B. T. B.	16
373	We plough the		Dresden	{ A. & M. 383 S. & S. 712	
174	We pray no more	C. M.	Holy Cross	B. T. B.	366
142	What a Friend			S. & S.	117
180	What is this that	7s.	Vienna	B. T. B.	119
329	What shall we				
258	Whatsoever be	7s.	Weber	B. T. B.	120
400	What sudden				
295	What Thou wilt	7s.	Weber	B. T. B.	120
235	What, what is				
126	What various	L. M.	Melcombe	B. T. B.	81
331	When He cometh		Jewels	S. & S.	17
344	When His salvation	7.6.	Missionary	B. T. B.	160
153	When in the	L. M.	Tallis' Canon	B. T. B.	99
263	When I survey	L. M.	Rockingham	B. T. B.	90
51	When we cannot	7s.	University Coll.	B. T. B.	417

WITH SUGGESTED TUNES

NO.	FIRST WORDS.	MEASURE.	TUNE.	HYMN BOOK.	NO.
163	When the toil	7.7.7.5.	Capetown	B. T. B.	169
106	When the weary	P. M.	Dovedale	B. T. B.	467
230	When my love	7s.	University	B. T. B.	417
212	When winds	11.10.	Dawning	B. T. B.	633
343	Where is Jesus				
37	Where is thy God	S. M.	Franconia	B. T. B.	5
384	While Shepherds	C. M.	Winchester Old	B. T. B.	58
58	Who fathoms	C. M.	Holy Cross	B. T. B.	366
			{ All Saints	A. & M.	427
335	Who are these	P. M.	{ Dismissal	B. T. B.	208
237	Who is thy	C. M.	Bedford	B. T. B.	24
85	Whosoever heareth			S. & S.	24
296	Without haste	7s.	Norwood	B. T. B.	506
110	With the sweet	6.6.8.4.	Thornfield	B. T. B.	451
311	With happy	7.6.	Missionary	B. T. B.	160
261	Work, for the			S. & S.	66
282	Workman of God	C. M.	Tallis	B. T. B.	55
305	Ye servants	S. M.	Silchester	B. T. B.	11
200	Yield not to			S. & S.	135



INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	NO.
A fitly spoken word	288
A little lamb went straying.....	352
A quiet heart, submissive, weak	172
Abide with me ! fast falls the eventide	14
Again, as evening's shadow falls.....	18
All as God wills, who wisely heeds	222
All before us lies the way	223
All people that on earth do dwell	320
All things bright and beautiful	351
All unseen the Master walketh	233
And now the wants are told	302
Art thou weary, art thou languid	91
As darker, darker, fall around	19
As drooping flowers pine for rain	55
As pants the hart for cooling streams	116
As the sun's enlivening eye	57
As with gladness men of old	396
At even, ere the sun was set	22
At first, I prayed for Light	167
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay	4
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	3
Backward looking o'er the past.....	379
Because I knew not when life was good	225
Behold Me standing at the door	84
Beloved, it is well	334
Be strong to hope, oh heart	205
Birds have their quiet nest	70
Blest are the pure in heart.....	123
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	114
Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break	376
Breathe on me, Breath of God	175
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.....	386
Bring, O Morn, thy music ! Bring, O Night, thy silence ..	6
By Thine inward consecration	192

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	NO.
Can I see another's woe	262
Carol, sweetly carol	388
Children of the Heavenly King.....	360
Christ hath a garden walled around	244
Christ in His heavenly garden walks all day.....	67
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	118
Christian, seek not yet repose	191
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	395
Come gracious Spirit.....	99
Come, labour on.....	286
Come unto Me, ye weary.....	82
Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile	93
Commit thou all thy griefs	148
Courage, brother! do not stumble	241
Dark is the sky that overhangs my soul.....	232
Dear Lord and Father of mankind	143
Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear.....	182
Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord	267
Fair waved the golden corn	347
Father, hear the prayer we offer	119
Father, I know that a'll my life.....	108
Father, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling	160
Father, let me dedicate	378
Father, let Thy benediction	136
Father of men, in whom are one	238
Father of mercies, God of Love.....	367
Father, to Thee we look in all our	138
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	149
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	109
Fierce was the wild billow	183
For all the saints, who from their labour rest	331
For common gifts we bless Thee, Lord	321
For ever with the Lord.....	337
For the beauty of the earth	307
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	380
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go	248
Forward! be our watchword	291
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	242

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	NO.
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	341
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	9
God be with you till we meet again	130
God bless our native land	234
God intrusts to all	304
God is love: His mercy brightens.....	46
God make my life a little light	362
God moves in a mysterious way	27
God of the living, in whose eyes	338
God of the morning, at whose voice	1
God sets a still small voice	102
God, that madest earth and heaven	20
Go forth to life, O child of earth	268
Go, labour on, spend and be spent	259
Go not, my soul, in search of Him	28
Go to dark Gethsemane	71
Go, when the morning shineth	107
Good Christian men rejoice	389
Good King Wenceslas looked out	385
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	103
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	97
Great God, and wilt Thou condescend	188
Great God, we sing that mighty hand.....	375
Happy are they, they that love God	314
Happy soul, that free from harms	210
Happy the home when God is there	184
Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs	327
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	73
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes.....	61
Hark! the herald angels sing.....	392
Hark! the voice of Jesus crying	243
Heavenly Father, by whose care	7
He is not dead, but only lieth sleeping	336
He leadeth me! Oh, blessed thought	43
He liveth long who liveth well	269
He smiled as He stretched out His arms	363
Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is	372
Holy Spirit, Truth Divine	96
How gentle God's commands	33

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	NO.
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	78
Hushed was the evening hymn	357
I am Thine, O Lord ; I have heard Thy voice	162
I cannot find Thee. Still on restless pinion.....	38
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be	193
I hear it often in the dark	52
I heard the voice of Jesus say	83
I know not if the dark or bright	219
I know not what awaits me.....	56
I little see, I little know	29
I long did roam afar from home	66
I look to Thee in every need	169
I need Thee every hour	122
I say to thee.....	231
I sing the almighty power of God	325
I to the hills will lift mine eyes.....	32
I think when I read that sweet story of old	340
Immortal Love, for ever full	64
In heavenly love abiding	34
In Me ye may have peace	92
In the cross of Christ I glory	69
In the old time, runs the story	387
Is thy cruse of comfort wasting	246
It came upon the midnight clear	394
It fell upon a summer day	63
It passeth knowledge, that dear love	201
It singeth low in every heart	333
I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend.....	72
Jesu, lover of my soul	77
Jesu, meek and gentle	178
Jesu, my Strength, my Hope	144
Jesus bids us shine with a clear pure light	342
Jesus calls us—o'er the tumult.....	86
Jesus is our Shepherd	355
Jesus, still lead on	154
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	161
Just as I am, without one plea	226

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	NO.
Kind words can never die	274
Kindly spring again is here.....	368
Knocking! Knocking	94
Lead, kindly Light	131
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	120
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace	50
Let us with a gladsome mind.....	301
Life is onward—use it	294
Light after darkness, gain after loss	224
Little beam of rosy light	353
Little drops of water	354
Looking upward every day	359
Long ago the lilies faded	49
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee	115
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	125
Lord, if Thou Thy grace impart	202
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	147
Lord, it belongs not to my care	266
Lord of the worlds above	121
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	303
Lord, teach us how to pray aright	139
Lord, we thank Thee for the pleasure	319
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	196
Love divine, all loves excelling	220
Lowly and solemn be.....	111
Master, it is good to be.....	65
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	11
Mighty Comforter, to Thee.....	104
More love to Thee, O Christ	208
My faith looks up to Thee	170
My God, I thank Thee Who hast made	326
My God, my Father, while I stray	214
My heart is resting.....	140
Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	171
New every morning is the love	2
None teacheth, Lord, like Thee.....	186
Not always on the mount may we	264

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	NO.
Not on this day, O God, alone	150
Now in life's breezy morning	276
Now let us see Thy beauty, Lord	112
Now on land and sea descending	17
Now thank we all our God.....	316
Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh	12
Now the labourer's task is o'er	332
O beautiful, my country	298
O bless the Lord, my soul	322
O come, all ye faithful	398
O Father, when the softened heart	113
O for the peace that floweth as a river	278
O God, in whom we live and move	40
O God, our help in ages past	45
O God, Thy boundless love to me.....	129
O God, unseen, but ever near.....	159
O happy band of pilgrims	254
O happy home, where Thou art loved	287
O help us, Lord; each hour of need.....	145
O Holy Father, Friend unseen	133
O Jesus, I have promised	146
O let him whose sorrow	194
O little town of Bethlehem.....	390
O Lord, how happy should we be.....	155
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	323
O Lord, who by Thy presence hast made	21
O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art.....	195
O Love Divine, that stoop'st to share	44
O Love that casts out fear	165
O Love that wilt not let me go	177
O Master, let me walk with Thee	252
O mean may seem	81
O perfect Love, all human thought transcending	156
O Saviour, may we never rest.....	207
O strength and stay upholding all creation	151
O Thou, in all Thy might so far	39
O Thou to whom we pray	117
O Thou! who art of all that is	324
O worship the King	315

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	NO.
Oft in danger, oft in woe	253
Oft when of God we ask	296
Oh deem not they are blest alone	213
Oh for a faith that will not shrink	203
Oh for a heart to praise my God	217
Oh safe to the Rock that is higher than I	134
Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight	35
Oh the bitter shame and sorrow	199
Once in royal David's city	397
Once to every man and nation	300
One by one the sands are flowing	290
One sweetly solemn thought	166
One there is above all others	89
One there is who loves thee	74
One thought I have, my ample creed	54
Onward, Christian soldiers	255
Onward! upward! Christian soldier	284
Open thine eyes, my soul, and see	189
Our blessed Redeemer, ere He breathed	100
Our day of praise is done	13
Our Father, hear our longing prayer	181
Our Father, through the coming year	381
Our Father, while our hearts unlearn	127
Our heaven is everywhere	272
Our times are in Thy hand	197
Out beyond the shining	36
Peace! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin	95
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	105
Purer yet, and purer	141
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	204
Revive Thy work, O Lord	270
Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy	328
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky	382
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	135
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	80
Safe in the arms of Jesus	88

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	NO.
Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise	25
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	26
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us	137
Saviour! teach me, day by day	271
Saviour! while my heart is tender	349
See, amid the winter's snow	393
She only touched the hem of His garment	79
Shepherds watching o'er your flocks	399
Show pity, Lord	218
Simply trusting every day	289
Sing to the little children	293
Sleep, Holy Babe, upon Thy Mother's breast	383
Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take	330
Slowly, by God's hand unfurled	31
So here hath been dawning	281
Soldiers of Christ, arise	283
Soldiers of the cross, arise	250
Sometimes a light surprises	310
Souls of men! why will ye scatter	90
Sow in the morn Thy seed	277
Sow with a generous hand	273
Sowing the seed by the dawn-light fair	306
Speak gently: it is better far	236
Spirit Divine, attend our prayers	98
Spirit of Faith! be Thou my guide	190
Spirit unseen, our spirit's home	101
Stand up and bless the Lord	317
Stand up! stand up for Jesus	260
Standing at the portal	374
Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh	24
Still will we trust, though earth	216
Still with Thee, O my God	185
Strong Son of God, immortal Love	59
Summer suns are glowing	366
Sun of my soul ['Tis gone that bright]	23
Sunset and evening star	132
Suppose the little cowslip	356
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	8
Take my life, and let it be	257

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	NO.
Take Thou my hand, and lead me	228
Teach me, my God, my King	229
Teach me to live ! 'Tis easier far to die	265
Tell me not, in mournful numbers	239
Tell me the old, old story	76
Tenderly He leads us, all our days below	75
The child leans on.....	350
The first Nowel the angel did say	391
The flowers which deck my pathway round	370
The glory of the spring, how sweet	364
The golden gates are lifted up	179
The heaven of heavens cannot contain	312
The Light along the ages	53
The Lord be with us as we bend	157
The Lord is come ! on Syrian soil.....	62
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	41
The Lord my Shepherd is	47
The race that long in darkness pined	60
The sower went forth sowing	297
The spacious firmament on high	318
The summer days are come	365
The sun declines; o'er land and sea.....	16
The sun is sinking fast	10
The toil of brain, or heart, or hand	249
The twilight falls, the night is near	15
The year is gone beyond recall	377
The year is swiftly waning	371
There are lonely hearts to cherish	256
There is a book, who runs may read	369
There is a green hill far away.....	346
There is a holy sacrifice	215
There is an eye that never sleeps	124
There is beauty all around	308
There is no sorrow, Lord, too slight.....	198
There's a Friend for little children	348
There were ninety-and-nine	87
These things shall be! a loftier race.....	279
Thine for ever ! God of Love	128
This is the day of Light	5
This life is but a school time	211

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	NO.
Thou hidden Love of God	152
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness	206
Thou must be true thyself	240
Thou to whom the sick and dying	158
Though lowly here our lot may be	247
Though we long, in sin-wrought blindness.....	209
Through all the changing scenes of life	313
Through the love of God our Saviour.....	227
Through the night of doubt and sorrow.....	48
Thy home is with the humble, Lord	168
Thy way is in the deep, O Lord.....	221
Thy way, not mine, O Lord.....	176
Thy Word is like a garden, Lord.....	345
Time is earnest, passing	285
Time was I shrank from what was right.....	280
'Tis winter now; the fallen snow	369
"To die is gain!"	339
To the work! to the work! we are	275
Unheard the dews around me fall	164
Unto Thee, abiding ever	30
Unto Thy temple, Lord, we come.....	173
Walk in the light, so shalt thou know	292
We are but little children weak.....	358
We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God	187
We cannot always trace the way	42
We faintly hear, we dimly see	245
We give Thee but Thine own.....	251
We plough the fields and scatter	373
We pray no more, made lowly wise	174
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin	68
What a Friend we have in Jesus	142
What is this that stirs within.....	180
What shall we render	329
What sudden blaze of song.....	400
What Thou wilt, O Father, give	295
What various hindrances we meet	126
What, what is tried in the fires of God	235
Whatsoever be the seed	258

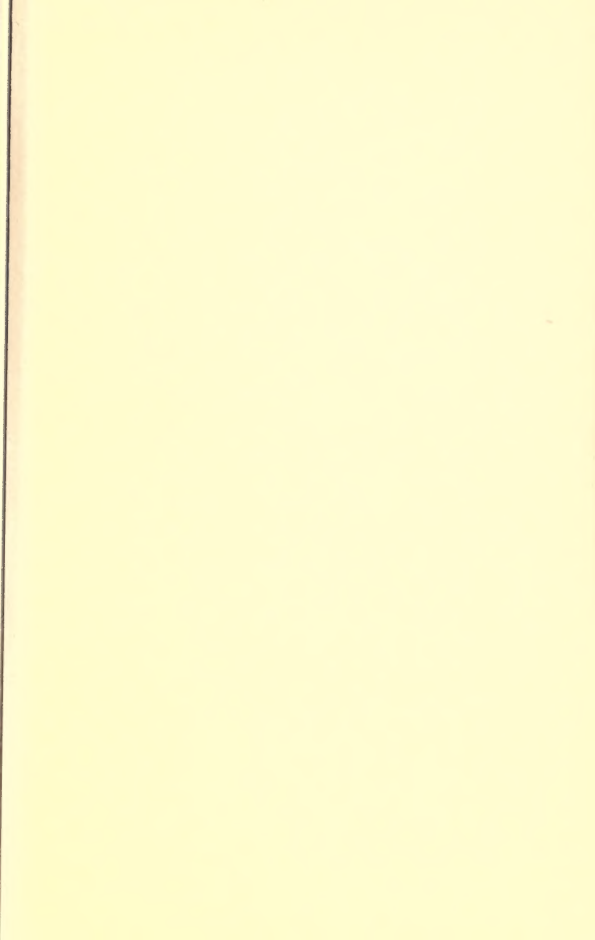
INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	NO.
When He cometh, when He cometh	361
When His salvation bringing	344
When in the hour of utmost need	153
When I survey the wondrous cross	263
When my love to God grows weak	230
When the toil of day is done	163
When the weary, seeking rest	106
When we cannot see our way	51
When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean	212
Where is Jesus, little children	343
Where is thy God, my soul	37
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	384
Who are these like stars appearing	335
Who fathoms the Eternal thought	58
Who is thy neighbour? He whom	237
Whosoever heareth! shout! shout!	85
With happy voices ringing	311
With the sweet word of peace	110
Without haste and without rest	296
Work, for the night is coming	261
Workman of God, oh lose not heart	282
Ye servants of the Lord	305
Yield not to temptation	200

OXFORD: HORACE HART
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY







13

19

114

144

